

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY FRED B. MERRILL.

BETHEL, MAINE.

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THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1917.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Ever of Interest From Washington.

By J. E. Jones.

HEADING OFF A FOOD CRISIS.

The well fed people of the United States do not seriously realize that their Government, in lending its special energies toward big crops for 1917, is attempting to head off a crisis in food crops. One needs only to read up on the history of the civil war to learn that the Confederates were starved into submission. Germany, drunk with prosperity three years ago, is so short of food that the last of the Americans returning from that country, tell of not having seen milk for months, while butter was doted out in such small quantities that one could get a week's supply in the palm of the hand.

The Allies frankly admit a shortage of food, and their Commissioners have stated that the United States can perform its greatest service by supplying them food.

At a conference of agricultural representatives for thirty-two states, presided over by the Secretary of Agriculture, measures were taken to deal with the food situation in four major provisions:

1. Production and labor.
2. Distribution and prices.
3. Economy and utilization.
4. Effective organization.

FARM AND FIGHT.

The Agricultural Department declares that "when the farmer reads in a large measure the final responsibility of winning the war in which we are now involved." The Department further states that "because of the world's shortage of food, it is scarcely possible that the production of the staple crops of the farmers of the United States can be too great this year. There is every reason to believe that a generous price will be paid for the harvest of the fields."

Thousands of tons of cotton are used in ammunition, and besides war or no war, the people must be clothed. Wheat, barley, oats, corn, sorghum, buckwheat, navy beans, sweet potatoes, hay, and all grades of vegetables, fruits, eggs, and meats must be produced in greater quantities this year than ever before, if the country is to be able to supply the demands of its own people right here at home, with enough things to eat.

The Washington Government official by advice that the public should abandon the food prejudices. It is pointed out that the average American is too finicky, and this is proven by the fact certain plentiful and nourishing food rejected in one section of the country is practically unknown in other sections of the country. It is officially stated that people too easily get into food ruts, and insist on eating only the food they are used to, and refuse to give a fair trial to other classes of food.

An official suggestion, and one that does not appear to be new, urges that people should eat more fish. Another piece of official advice is to remove from your vocabulary, "don't like it," or "can't eat it."

UNCLE SAM NEVER SAID IT BEFORE.

Up to the present time war has been more or less of a theory in the United States, but there are plenty of evidences that it will be a real condition in every part of the country before long. Uncle Sam never before had his people very much with reference to food matters, and hereafter his concern has been as to how to grow more. Here are some of the things that in his new suit he points out:

The food waste of the United States is \$100,000,000 a year.

Tenets per cent of the white population of potatoes are wasted in their preparation.

The American people overeat, and in consequence undermine their own health. "This morning and no more" they are told.

The left over foods in waste appear in the dumps.

Don't feed high priced human food to dogs or chickens.

Don't grow into the water any food such as milk, sweet milk or sour cream, or butter, or molasses, or sugar, or other products which have been cooked.

The Government says that the food

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and unless the last few years were supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. FIGHT CATARRH, cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They cure one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Notice to Contractors

State Highway Construction

Sealed proposals addressed to the State Highway Commission, Augusta, Maine, for building six sections of State highway, as follows: in the towns of Nobleboro, 2.67 miles, Gravel; Edmunds, 1.46 miles, Gravel; Greenwood, 1.33 miles, Gravel; Palmyra, 1.98 miles, Bituminous Macadam; Oakland, 1.28 miles, Bituminous Macadam and Waterville, 1.84 miles, Gravel or Bituminous Macadam, each endorsed with the name of the Town, will be received by the Commission at its office in the State House, Augusta, Maine, until

Eleven O'clock A. M. Thursday, May 17th

and at that time and place publicly opened and read. The work will consist of grading, draining and surfacing.

Each proposal must be made upon a blank form provided by the Commission, for copy of which one dollar will be required, and must be accompanied by a certified check for 10% of the amount bid, payable to the Treasurer of State of Maine. The certified check will be returned to the successful bidder unless forfeited under the conditions stipulated.

A surety company bond satisfactory to the Commission, of not less than one-fourth nor more than one-half of the amount of the contract, will be required. Plans may be examined and copy of specifications and contract may be obtained at the office of the Commission, Augusta, Maine.

The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals.

PHILIP J. PEERING, Chairman.

WILLIAM M. AYER,

FRANK A. PEABODY,

State Highway Commission.

PAUL D. SARGENT, Chief Engineer.

Dated at Augusta, Maine, May 2, 1917.

GARDEN PESTS.

The Home Gardener Should Make Provision to Combat Insect Enemies and Plant Diseases.

The home gardener must count almost inevitably upon the presence in his garden of plant diseases and pests, says a new Farmers' Bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture, No. 818, "The Small Vegetable Garden." It is pointed out that if these are not combated they will interfere seriously with yields or destroy the plants.

It is hard for some gardeners to realize the importance of making early provision to combat these enemies of plant life. It can not be too strongly emphasized, however, that such provision is of equal importance with other phases of gardening and that it should under no circumstances be neglected. The wise gardener does not wait for the appearance of insects and diseases, but takes steps to combat them by spraying the plants at reasonable intervals from early spring until his crops have been harvested, or by other protective measures. He thus insures himself against the likelihood of loss.

The necessary implements and materials for protecting the home garden against insects and diseases should be assembled early in the season. These consist of a substantial hand sprayer and the necessary concentrated solutions, which, after dilution with water, are to be sprayed on the plants.

The diseases which affect garden plants may be divided into two groups, parasitic and constitutional diseases. The parasitic diseases, such as the blights, are caused by fungi or germs, and usually may be prevented or controlled by spraying with Bordeaux mixture. Little is known, however, of the so-called constitutional diseases, and little can be done to prevent their ravages. If some remedy which does not yield to treatment with Bordeaux mixture manifests itself as isolated plants in the garden, it may be well to pull up these plants and burn them.

The insects which attack garden plants may be divided into two groups—those which eat or chew the fruits or foliage and those which suck the plant juices. Eating insects may be killed by spraying with poisonous solutions or dusting powders on the plants which they attack. Animals of kind is the poison in most general use for this purpose. This substance is poisonous to germs as well as to insects and must be used with care. It should not be applied to vegetables that are to be eaten raw. All vegetables should be washed carefully before they are eaten, regardless of whether they have been sprayed.

Most of the garden plants may be guarded against disease and at the

same time protected from attack by eating insects by spraying at intervals of two weeks with a combination of Bordeaux mixture and arsenate of lead. Other methods of protecting plants from the larger eating insects are to pick the pests by hand or knock them with a stick into a pan containing water on which a thin film of kerosene is floating. Insects collected by hand should be destroyed promptly. Young plants may be protected by setting over them wooden frames covered with mosquito netting, wire mesh, or cheese cloth. Cutworms may be kept from plants by setting tin or paper collars into the ground around the stalks.

Sucking insects, such as plant lice, can not be killed by poisoning the surface of the leaves and fruit, since they feed by puncturing the plants and extracting the internal juices. Pests which will kill by contact or substances which envelop and smother the pests are, therefore, employed against the sucking insects. The principal remedy of this sort are nicotine solutions, kerosene oil and other soap solutions, and kerosene emulsion.

The gardener should remember that many plant diseases and insects exist in the garden from year to year. At the end of the growing season, therefore, the garden should be carefully cleaned of rubbish, the stems of plants, leaves, etc. It is necessary to burn this debris promptly, as any disease spores of insects which may be present are then surely destroyed.

HEBRON.

Miss Florence Southworth of Portland visited her mother, Mrs. F. E. Curney, recently.

Charles Holmes of Portland is visiting his sister, Mrs. Rose Stone. Alden Kilbreth has sold his farm to his father. Mr. Kilbreth will move his family to Hebron Academy.

W. A. Nichols has purchased an Overland automobile.

R. L. Briggs of West Hebron visited his daughter, Mrs. H. U. Bowman, Wednesday.

Alfred Thompson is teaching for a few weeks in the Hebron district. Miss Bramm is getting along nicely after her recent operation.

The Hebron Home Tel. Co., are moving their central office from the store at the Hebron Trading Co. to the Pratt house where they have been making repairs. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Fogg of East Hebron will read the eighth lesson for the evening year.

Little Evelyn Hobbs recently crashed her bicycle quite badly by shattering it into a heap.

Ralph Silver has been appointed postman of the road for the summer.

Frank Martineau is building a new garage.

Printing of all kinds done in a prompt and satisfactory manner.

WHITE DIARRHEA IN CHICKS.

By G. E. Conkey.

It has been estimated that white diarrhea annually kills from one third to one half of all the chicks hatched, thus making it by far the worst ailment to which young chicks are subject. It is therefore readily seen that the poultry keeper must understand the nature of the disease, its causes, the best means of protecting chicks against it, and the best way to treat the chicks if the disease gets started, if he is to avoid a disastrous loss. For white diarrhea is very contagious and often sweeps the whole brood away in a very short time.

ORIGINAL SOURCE OF INFECTION. Mature females are the original source of white diarrhea

The Home Circle

Pleasant Recreations—A Column
Dedicated to Tired Mothers
as they join the Home
Circle at Evening Tide

WHAT SHALL YOUR CURTAINS BE.

Their Sheer Lengths Should Hang In
Soft Straight Folds.

Elis Scott.

If more women realized how frequently they are rated by the curtains at their windows they would not select them in the off-hand, haphazard fashion they do.

I have only to pause for a moment to recall dozens of instances when I have seen one of the most important rules of good taste—that of suitability—violated. I have seen lace curtains with elaborate designs used in plain, simple bungalows of the mission type; frilly curtains at the windows of formal city houses, and curtains of every style and variety in the windows of a cottage, spoiling its charm.

The conventions that govern good taste can be observed without any loss of individuality. Each and every house in the country need not have its windows dressed in the same way to look like soldiers on parade. Each home presents its own problems and it is the manner in which these are solved which indicates the personality of its mistress.

The fashion of using different sets of lace curtains at the windows of every room in the house is no longer in vogue. This arrangement gave to even the most imposing houses a patch-work quilt effect that was anything but attractive.

Instead of lace curtains those made of sheer fabrics such as Swiss mull, net, and tulle are considered in better style. Such curtains are uniform and harmonious for they are the same throughout the house or at least they are made to match on one floor.

Usually curtains are not looped and draped back as they used to be. In towns and cities, where a certain amount of privacy is needed, the curtains are allowed to hang straight and full so that they entirely cover the window. When privacy need not be considered, they are simply pushed back and allowed to hang in straight, soft folds which are very graceful.

These sheer curtains may be finished with either hemstitched hems or narrow lace or novelty braid as the owner's fancy dictates. They are shirred on small brass rods which are fastened above the sash on the window casing and are allowed to hang straight and full to the window sill.

This season many of the shops have a splendid assortment of curtain materials which are finished on the two outer edges. All that is necessary when making them up to fit the windows, is to hem the bottom and make a heading at the top and the curtain is ready to be hung.

While some of these new materials are plain, many have hemstitched designs worked out in squares and diamond shapes. This style of material is very decorative when it is used on windows with large panes of glass; but if the sash has small panes of square or diamond glass, then plain material is more effective.

In many houses two sets of curtains are used, for besides those made of sheer material there is a second set usually made of heavier stuff. These are called overcurtains or intercurtains because they are placed over the thin ones and are visible only from the interior of the house. These are used simply for decorative purposes.

There is the same wide field in which to select materials for the overcurtains as there is for the thin ones. Here again may be found fabrics that will suit every taste and need. For the rooms on the lower floor of the house there are any number of fabrics that range from mercerized cotton stuffs through various grades of silk to brocades and velvets of every conceivable tone and color.

If the wall finish and the furniture covering are plain the overcurtains should be made of some fabric that has a design worked out in contrasting

tones so they will contribute a note of interest to an otherwise dull room.

If, on the other hand, the wall is covered with a figured paper then a plain fabric which emphasizes the predominating color of the wall paper must be used. This will serve to tone down the various colors and tend to make the room more restful and harmonious.

These overcurtains should reach only to the window sill and they should not be looped nor draped back but, instead, should be pulled far enough apart so that the under curtain is visible.

Frequently these overcurtains are joined by a gathered or plaited valance which is from twelve to eighteen inches deep according to the height of the window.

If a number of windows are grouped, the most effective way to treat them is to allow a pair of sheer curtains to each window and one pair of overcurtains to the group. One of the overcurtains should be hung at the right side of the far window of the group and the other should be hung at the left side of the other far window, and these two overcurtains should then be connected with a valance of the same material.

For bedrooms the supply of available materials for overcurtains is as varied as for the other rooms in the house. The most popular of these is cretonne which can be bought from about nineteen cents a yard up to three and four dollars.

None is more effective than those with dark blue or black backgrounds. These are slightly more expensive than those with the light background but they are well worth the difference in price as they retain their freshness for a longer period of time and give better service.

Highly used, cretonne is a charming fabric but it lends itself with such ready grace to so many furnishing purposes that there is great danger of overdoing its use. It should never under any circumstances be used when the wall papers or rugs are figured. If the curtains and chair covers are made of cretonne then the bedspreads and bureau cover should be of some plain white material; and when the curtains and coverlet for the bed are made of cretonne the chair covers should be of some plain material that emphasizes the predominating color of the room.

Portieres follow the same straight lines of the curtains. They are no longer looped or draped back over grille-work as in former days. They are usually made of heavy material like velvet or rep. It is considered better form nowadays to have them made of plain material of a slightly darker tone than the wall color.

If the fabric used for making portieres is not sufficiently heavy to hang in straight folds and to stay "put," then they should be lined and have weights placed so they will not swing to and fro with the slightest breath of air.

When portieres are to be placed in the doorway of adjoining rooms which are decorated with different colors, the question becomes a vexed one and when the colors do not harmonize the difficulty is increased tenfold. This trouble can be overcome only by using two sets of portieres. Even this cannot be done when the portieres have a very heavy pile for in that case double portieres would be too clumsy. Line these heavy curtains with soft silk of some shade to tone with the wall color of the room the lining faces.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

Under-paid fathers and over-worked mothers lose many children?

The U. S. Public Health Service issues free publications on the care of children?

The infant mortality rate is the most sensitive index of community intelligence?

Dirty milk kills many babies?

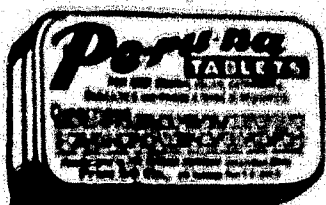
One eighth of the children born in the United States die before they are a year old?

Removing the cause before it becomes a result is the best kind of public health work?

Babies have a right to an officially registered name?

The board bill for last year's babies was almost as great as the undertaker's bill for last year's babies?

Say you saw it in the Citizen.



Summer Colds Weaken

They are even more dangerous than winter colds, for they hang on so long that they become chronic catarrh. Heat and dust aggravate them, cause the infected surface to spread, and fill the body with systemic catarrh. Neglect costs health and energy.

PERUNA EXPELS CATARRH

It does more—it builds up the weakened system, regulates the digestion, removes the inflammation, overcomes the poison of catarrh, and invigorates all over. Forty-four years of success prove its great value, of which thousands gladly testify.

Accept the verdict of two generations yourself. Don't be swayed by prejudice, when your health is at stake. Take Peruna and get well.

Liquid or tablet form, whichever is the more convenient.

The Peruna Company,

Columbus, Ohio

NEWBY.

Born May 1st to the wife of Darwin Swett a son weighing nine pounds.

The people here in town were very much surprised to learn of the sudden death of Fred Taylor, a former resident of this town. He died at Dixfield, where he had been at work since last fall, but was carried to Bethel and the funeral held at the Universalist church.

He leaves a wife, two sons and a daughter, and a large circle of friends to mourn his loss. The family has the sympathy of all here.

Mrs. C. D. Bean is caring for Mrs. Darwin Swett and baby.

Mrs. Harry Williamson and little daughter visited her mother, Mrs. F. I. French last Friday.

EAST PERU.

The ice left Worthington Pond, April 30th. Smelting will soon be in order. Mrs. P. C. Chase is visiting Mrs. L. H. Bisbee of East Sumner.

Mrs. O. C. Fuller and two daughters of Hartford recently visited her brother, E. E. Howard, and family.

Mrs. W. S. Haines recently entertained Miss Eleanor Westgate of Canton.

W. C. Stevens will go to Upper Dam to act as guide as soon as the season opens.

Relatives of Mrs. E. M. Oliver of Canton have received word that she is severely ill.

SPRING COLDS ARE DANGEROUS

Sudden changes of temperature and underwear bring spring colds with stuffed up head, sore throat and general cold symptoms. A dose of Dr. King's New Discovery is sure relief, this happy combination of antiseptic balsams cleans the head, soothes the irritated membranes and what might have been a lingering cold is broken up. Don't stop treatment when relief is first felt as a half cured cold is dangerous. Take Dr. King's New Discovery till your cold is gone.

Adv.

Before the War Prices FOR SATURDAY, MAY 12

Sugar, 9 1-2c lb.
Purity Rolled Oats, 25c pk.
Large Size Package.
Quaker Puffed Rice, 15c pk.
Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, 10c pk.
Kellogg's Krumbles, 10c pk.
Yellow Cling Peaches, 19c can.
Corn, 13c can.
String Beans, 10c can.
Baked Beans, Tomato Sauce, 12 1-2c can.
Lima Beans, 12c can.
Imported Lentils, 12c can.

REMEMBER--- WE CARRY GARDEN SEEDS OF ALL KINDS IN BULK AND PACKAGE, ALSO GRASS SEED.

Carver's
10 BROAD STREET

CANTON

Ronello A. Barrows, an esteemed and life-long resident of Canton, passed away Tuesday morning. Mr. Barrows had been in feeble health for some time, but for the past week or two his condition as been known to be serious. Mr. Barrows was born in Canton, Nov. 20, 1841, the son of Andrew Barrows and Eliza Hayford Barrows. For many years he was associated with his father in the hardware and foundry business in Canton. When he was 20 years of age he enlisted in the 23d Maine Cavalry, was again promoted to a lieutenant and served until the close of the war. For a long period of years he served as Deputy Sheriff and also as trial justice, which position he held at the time of his death. At Rumford, May 27, 1876, he married Miss Ida F. Blanchard of East Rumford, who survives, together with two daughters, Miss Clara M. Barrows and Miss Jennie Barrows, and one son, George Barrows. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. Melvina DeCoster of Canton, a nephew and several nieces. He was an honored member of John A. Hodge Post, G. A. R., and an honorary member of the Relief Corps. The funeral was held Thursday at his residence, Miss L. B. Treadwell officiating. The floral offerings were very beautiful and included a wreath from the Corps. Several members of the Post attended the funeral and the Corps attended in a body. Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were: Jennie Barrows of Brookline, Mass.; Mrs. Louise Morrill, Portland; Lucian Blanchard, Mrs. Walter Morse, Mrs. Blanchard and son, Manley, of Rumford; Llewellyn Hall of Andover; Benj. Gerrish of Buckfield; Mrs. Esther Reed, Livermore Falls; and Mrs. A. G. Walker, Worthington Pond; Mr. and Mrs. N. Thomas and Miss Zieba Crockett of North Hartford. The bearers were: A. F. Hayford, S. B. Ellis, E. K. Hollis and G. L. Wadlin.

Mrs. F. M. Oliver submitted to a serious surgical operation at her home, Saturday afternoon, which was performed by Dr. Wallace E. Webber of Lewiston and E. W. Morse of Canton. The patient is getting along as well as can be expected. Miss Clara Barrows is caring for her.

Alphonso F. Russell has been appointed District Deputy of district No. 20, F. & A. M.

Mrs. R. F. Johnson gave a talk on missionary work in Japan, at the Universalist church, Friday evening, which was much enjoyed.

W. R. Robinson and family have moved back to Hartford from Lynn, Mass.

J. N. Foye, C. E. Mendall and A. E. Russell have been attending Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., at Portland.

Mrs. Julia Thorne, an esteemed resident of Hartford, passed away very suddenly, Friday afternoon, after several weeks of poor health. She was born in Hartford and was 70 years of age. She was the daughter of Africa Farrar and Pamela Austin Farrar, old residents of Hartford. She married Barnett Thorne, a soldier of the 8th Maine Regiment in the Civil War, who passed away 20 years ago. Mrs. Thorne was by faith a Universalist, and was a woman beloved by all. She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Effie Davenport, and one son, Edwin Davenport, both of Hartford also two brothers, Freeman F. Farrar of West Sumner, and Winfield S. Farrar of Gilbertville, and two grandchildren, Wilma and Percy Davenport. She is also survived by several nieces and nephews.

The members of the Universalist Sunday school enjoyed a picnic supper at the vestry, Friday night.

Dr. F. W. Morse, G. L. Wadlin and C. F. Tripp will have charge of the exercises at the dog raising which will be held in the near future.

The Red Cross flag will be displayed when the rooms are open for work at the headquarters of the auxiliary.

Robert Poor has been on a visit to Andover.

A parish meeting was held at the Universalist church, Monday evening.

Mrs. O. M. Richardson went to Andover this week for a few days.

The Pine Tree Club held its annual meeting Saturday afternoon with Mrs. F. W. Morse, and officers were elected: Mrs. M. A. Smith was re-elected president, and the vice president will serve another year. Miss Nellie Mitchell was elected secretary and treasurer. Quotations from their favorite author were given by the members. A historical paper from the close of the Spanish war to the present time was by Mrs. W. A. Lucas. Mrs. Helen Mitchell gave a sketch of the life of Wm. H. Taft and Mrs. M. A. Smith of President Wilson. Mrs. Morse, in rhyme, called on some of the members. Margarette Hollis responded with a piano solo. Mrs. Smith gave incidents of her Southern trip, Miss Mitchell of her trip abroad, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Partridge, John, Miss Abbott a riddle paper, Mrs.

BLUE STORES

There is only ONE CLASS, and that the FIRST, in our Spring and Summer Collection of

Men's and Boys' Clothing Hats, Caps and Furnishings

COME AND LOOK at our new stock. You will find reliable goods at popular prices. You will find friendship, as we esteem every visit from you a personal favor. You will find the greatest values for your money.

Have you a Rain Coat? If not you ought to see our new line just in—many styles with a price ranging from \$5.00 up to \$15.

If you want to Buy Right, if you want to be Treated Right make Our Stores your Trading Home.

F. H. NOYES CO.

NORWAY

2 Stores

SOUTH PARIS

IRA C. JORDAN

DEALER IN

General Merchandise and Haskell's Feed

BETHEL,

MAINE

Ladies Boots for \$3.00

We have a large lot of Ladies' Button Boots, Gun Metal and Patent Kid, both high and low heels, all sizes from 1 to 8, D and E width, which we are selling for \$3.00 per pair. These boots were bought on a low market and for that reason we are able to sell them for this price. These same boots on today's market would cost \$4.00 or \$4.50 and when these are sold we will have to get that price for the same quality, and manufacturers tell us that prices are going still higher. We have about 500 pairs of these boots but they are selling rapidly. It is a good time to buy them now.

E. N. SWETT SHOE CO.

Opera House Block, Telephone 38-2

NORWAY,

MAINE

Sturtevant, famous paintings, Mrs. Carson, a "cracker stunt," music on the victrola was enjoyed, after which the company assembled in the dining-room where a patriotic luncheon was served, red, white and blue being the color scheme. The long table was most attractive with its blue and white linens, a large centerpiece of flags, ice cream with red sauce, all kinds of delicious cake, fruit punch etc., with beautiful little favors of red, white and blue boxes in the form of a shield, filled with marshmallows, also a flag pin. As this was the last meeting of the season a gala event was made of the affair. Always a charming hostess Mrs. Morse outdressed herself on this occasion. Some interesting guessing contests were next in order. Miss Lida Abbott secured one prize and Mrs. Holman Mitchell two prizes. "Home, Sweet Home," on the victrola closed a most delightful meeting of the Pine Tree Club.

Mrs. Rosie Bleknell is at work for Mrs. O. M. Richardson.

Degrees were conferred on two candidates at the meeting of Whitney Lodge, F. & A. M., Thursday evening and supper served.

The next meeting of the Universalist Circle will be held at the vestry.

Mrs. Ellen Richards of Farmington is a guest of her son, Henry Richards, and family.

Howard Hammon of Hartford, who was injured in an auto accident at Kennebunk a short time ago, has recovered sufficiently to return home.

Mrs. Abbie Proctor is spending a few weeks in Auburn.

Mrs. Alice Redden of Mattapan, Mass., has been called to town by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. F. M. Oliver.

School closes Thursday of this week to allow the teachers to attend the teachers convention at Rumford.

J. B. Smith has purchased the stand of the late Mrs. Lucy A. Davis and moved there, Saturday.

Alonso Bryant has sold his grapefruit ranch at Miami, Fla., and returned home.

A patriotic entertainment is being planned for the benefit of the Red Cross work.

Dwight Parsons of Hartford has enlisted for the war.

Temptation never fails, to come to those who wait.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

SUNDAY RIVER.

Ed. Herlek of Bethel was in this place, Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Williamson visited her mother, Mrs. Irving French, on Bear River.

Mrs. Tolman and three children have come to spend the summer with her son, Harry, on the Branch.

Ted and Bob Brown went to Rumford for the summer, Monday.

Forley Churchill of the Berlin Mills Co., was in this place one day last week, looking after the drive.

C. D. Bean is cooking at the lower wagon.

Homer Smith is in Massachusetts for a week's stay.

Mrs. Chas. Bean is on Bear River caring for Mrs. Darwin Swett and baby.

Mrs. and Mrs. Frank Chapman are boarding at Lewis Spinnery's.

Mrs. Homer Smith spent Sunday at her home in this place.

Howard Bailey has purchased a Ford. Alvin Chapman has finished work for Harry Bryant and is working in Bethel.

Mrs. Billie McKenna is improving. Mrs. Willie Powers is caring for her.

Elmer Bean was in Rumford, Friday.

Geo. Mandt of Grover Hill visited at H. M. Kendall's one day recently.

Elmer Ingalls has finished driving for the Berlin Mills Co., and is working for J. P. Skiffings.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. A. Spinnery went to Portland, Saturday.

Joe Spinnery is working at J. A. Thurston's for a few days.

Mrs. Otto Lane spent a week in Auburn with her sister.

A. G. Eames is doing carpenter work for H. A. Sweeney.

A few of the farmers have begun to farm in this vicinity.

Sloan's Liniment For Rheumatism

The torture of rheumatism, the pains and aches that make life unbearable are relieved by Sloan's Liniment, a clean clear liquid that is easy to apply, and more effective than any plaster or ointment because it penetrates quickly without rubbing. For the many pains and aches following exposure, strains, sprains and muscle soreness, Sloan's Liniment is promptly effective. Always have a bottle handy for gout, lumbago, toothache, backache, stiff neck and all external pains. At druggists, etc.

Those Chic Sport Coats

will look stunning with your summer dresses or white skirts. They all button up close to the neck, giving you warmth just where you need it on a chilly evening. They are made of velours and flannels in the bright colors that will look so well with your summer costume.

Sport Coats to show you, \$11.45 to \$19.75.

Longer Coats in dark or high colors \$9.95 to \$24.75.

Spring Suits, navy or high colors \$14.95 to \$28.75.

THE SUMMER WASH DRESSES

are here in a great variety. Big showing of sport models in stripes, spots and all sorts of combinations.

Priced \$3.45 to \$14.95

Staple styles of Voiles, Muslins, French Linen, Poplins. These are all new styles. Come in and try them on and see just how well they really look. Prices run from \$2.95 to \$9.95

Another new lot of those

JAP SILK WAISTS AT \$1.98

Plain colors or stripes this time. We have sold hundreds this spring. They are wonderful values at \$1.98.

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

for June are here. Call and get the free fashion sheet.

Remember you will get quicker service by sending your mail orders to us and we pay parcel post.

BROWN, BUCK & CO.
Norway, Maine

Dr. F. B. Tuell was in Portland the first of the week.

Mr. Ethel Kenneson will move his family to West Bethel Flat this week.

Miss Helen Staples of Haverhill is spending a few days at Mrs. Abbie Brown's.

Miss Annie Frye has returned home from Portland, where she has been for treatment.

Mrs. George Greene and two children of Waterville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall, Sunday.

All the schools in town will close Friday to allow the teachers to attend the Oxford County Teachers' Convention to be held at Rumford.

Miss Ethel Hammons of So. Portland returned to her school, Sunday, after a short vacation spent with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Skilling.

Mrs. Walter Barlett was in Gorham, N. H., Sunday.

The Cricket Club will meet with Miss Mae Cross next Tuesday, May 15.

Mr. Hatch Neal of Auburn is the guest of his brother, Carl Neal, at Bethel Inn.

Mr. Elmer Allen and family were guests of Mr. Allen's parents at West Bethel over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Skilling were called to Boston last week by the death of Mrs. Skilling's brother.

Henry Edward Cunningham and Laura Jolley of Bethel were married at the Universalist parsonage by Rev. J. H. Little last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. E. C. Park and daughter, Martel, are spending a few days in Portland and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Killers at Congress Square Hotel.

Farmers Attention!

In addition to our regular line of Flour and Grain we have added

Portland Organic Fertilizers.

The fertilizers are made up and manufactured along lines recommended by the Maine Experiment Station and also by our own customers.

J. B. HAM CO.

BETHEL,

MAINE.

BETHEL AND VICINITY.

Mrs. Sarah Billings was in Portland, Monday.

The taxes have been committed at the rate of .0235.

Mr. Carl Neal was in Portland the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Hall were in Lewiston, Sunday.

Mr. Harold Rich arrived home from Williams College, Sunday.

Mrs. Nellie Ellingwood was a guest of Miss Kate Howe, Friday.

Miss Hatlie Mason of South Paris is working at Dr. J. G. Gehring's.

Miss Laura Atkins of South Paris was calling on friends in town the week end.

Mrs. Lucinda York has gone to the C. M. G. Hospital, Lewiston, for treatment.

Mrs. Hella Coolidge and children of Gorham, N. H., are guests of relatives in town.

Mr. W. J. Wheeler of South Paris was a business visitor in town last Thursday.

Miss Mae Cross spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williamson at Sunday River.

Mr. Walter Sturtevant of Colebrook was the guest of Mr. Harry Young a few days last week.

Miss Cora Brown of Auburn was a week end guest of her brother, Mr. Harry Brown, and family.

Miss Elsie Leighton returned to her home in Portland, Sunday, after spending the week with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Snodgrass of Berlin, N. H., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hall last Thursday.

Mrs. F. B. Hall and two children were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Buck, on Swan's Hill last week.

Mrs. Helen Stearns, who has been spending several weeks with her daughter, returned to her home in Paris, Wednesday.

Mr. J. B. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Barker and daughter, Mae, of Haverhill were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings.

Miss Schoele has resumed her rehearsals for the group of plays to be given in the near future at Mr. Upson's Music Room.

Mrs. Harold Hollins and son, Harold, Jr., who have been spending the winter with Mrs. Hollins' mother in Dexter have returned to Bethel.

Mrs. Corrie Arno went to Lewiston, Thursday, to meet her daughter, Hazel, from Montville who underwent an operation for appendicitis Saturday, at the C. M. G. Hospital.

Mr. Charles Lyon and family are soon to move onto Harry Lyon's farm on Grever Hill. Mrs. Lydia Barker and son, Philip, are to occupy their new home on Church street.

At the Universalist Chapel, Saturday afternoon, May 12 at 2:30, the Social Six will have a Patriotic Sale for the benefit of the Bethel Red Cross Auxiliary. Fancy and useful articles, candy and light refreshments will be on sale.

Mr. Allen Towne of California, a former Bethel boy, has just refused a cash offer of \$500,000 for his 50 acres of oranges just west of Claremont. Mr. Towne developed the grove in the past fourteen years, and states that he would rather keep it and enjoy the profits than to sell it for the handsome sum offered.

The W. C. T. U. held their annual meeting with Mrs. Gledin, Tuesday afternoon. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Mae Godwin; Vice Presidents, Methodist, Mrs. Martha Kendall; Congregational, Mrs. Nellie Curtis; Universalist, Mrs. O. M. Mason; Car. and Rev. Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. E. W. Chandler. Delegates to the Oxford County W. C. T. U. convention, which meets with the Moses Union, May 22, 23 were chosen: Mrs. Nellie Curtis, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Mrs. Mary A. Byron, Mrs. F. J. Tibbitts, delegate at large, Mrs. Frank Kendall.

Look out for the posters of the Y. M. C. A. shown in Orange Hall, Friday evening, May 18.

Mr. Ivan Arno went to Boston, Friday.

Mrs. I. H. Wight was in Gorham, N. H., Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hastings were in South Paris, Sunday.

Mr. C. L. Davis was a business visitor in Lewiston last Thursday.

Mr. Herman Skillings of Harvard, Mass., is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Donahue of Berlin visited relatives in town, Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Bailey of South Paris is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Sarah Frost.

Mrs. E. C. Frost of Gorham, N. H., was the guest of relatives one day last week.

Mrs. Frank DeCoster of Norway was the guest of Mrs. Gertrude Everett, Tuesday.

Miss Ada Teale of Rutland, Mass., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lavorgna.

Miss Beatrice Brown of Albany was a week end guest of her mother, Mrs. E. P. Brown.

Mr. C. W. Hall and Mr. True Eames are attending court at Rumford as travers jurors.

Mr. and Mrs. Lord of South Paris were week end guests of Mr. Harry Sawin and family.

Miss Lenora Hodgdon of Orland, Me., is visiting her sister, Miss Hodgdon, at Dr. J. G. Gehring's.

Mr. Arthur Buxton has sold out his shoe repairing business and will soon move his family to Skowhegan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Inman were in Portland, Sunday, to see their son, Walter, who is in the hospital there.

Miss Louise Rounds of So. Paris was in town the first of the week in the interest of the Children's Home at Augusta.

Mr. William McKay, who has been spending the winter at his home in Prince Edward Island, returned to Bethel, Sunday.

Mrs. Angella Clark and son, Irving, who have been visiting relatives in Lisbon, Me., and Rockland, Mass., have returned home.

Mr. E. P. Brown has moved his family into Frank Brooks' rent at South Bethel. Mr. Brown is at work on the State road there.

Mr. Walter Ring and family and Miss Waterhouse of West Paris were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kendall, Saturday and Sunday.

Judge A. E. Herrick, E. C. Park, Esq., H. H. Hastings, Esq., and P. B. Merrill attended the May term of court at Rumford, Tuesday.

"The Old Peabody Pew," given at the Universalist church last evening, was a decided success. The parts were all well taken, and the old fashioned choir added to the pleasure of the evening.

Mrs. Fred Bailey, Mr. Ernest Blahue and Mr. Charles Frost went to Weld by auto Sunday. Mrs. Sarah Frost, who has been spending the winter with her daughter there, accompanied them home.

Among those from out-of-town who attended the funeral of Mr. Fred Taylor last Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Percy Taylor and Mr. Everett Smith of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Pennek of Watford, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pennek of Norway and Mr. Walter Hunt of New York.

A party gathered at the station Friday afternoon as a send off to Dr. R. B. Tibbitts, who had been called to report at the Portsmouth Navy Yard. Dr. Tibbitts passed his examination with high rank and has been assigned to duty at the Portsmouth Navy Yard with the rank of Lieutenant.

WATERFORD. A Red Cross Auxiliary was formed at Waterford last week, and another meeting on the 21st was held to carry on the work further, and take in new members. It is hoped that all will help in this good work.

The Citizen Office has a well equipped plant and solicits your printing. IF YOU ADVERTISE.

Have you asked the prices at

ALLEN'S CASH MARKET

By paying cash and selling for cash we will be able to keep prices down

"Always Loved Music--

Now Able to Play"



That's the experience of Hundreds and Thousands just like you. They have always loved music, always wanted to be able to play the Piano, or Playing, wished to play better; and now—Now, with the Playerpiano, enjoying the power to play any time they feel like playing!

That's just the wonderful thing about the Playerpiano. It makes your dreams come true! It brings to you instantly the facility which you have long envied in others, whose life was so arranged as to permit them to master the piano while you were denied this Opportunity.

Love of Music, desire to play—and now, ability to play the piano as you wish—these spell Happiness. Come in To-day. Write for catalogues and prices.

W. J. WHEELER & CO., South Paris, Maine

"Safety First" For Automobile Owners.

MR. CAR OWNER:—

Now that you are thinking about how soon you can get your car out for the 1917 season is the time for you to think about placing **INSURANCE FOR THAT CAR.**

PROTECT YOURSELF AGAINST LOSS of your car by **FIRE, LIGHTNING & THEFT.** Our policies cover the car at all times wherever it may be, on the road, or in any building in this country or Canada.

PROTECT YOURSELF against possible suits for personal injury, damage to property of others, and damage to your own car by collision, by a **LIABILITY, PROPERTY DAMAGE, and COLLISION** policy.

WE HAVE THE COMPANIES! THEY ARE THE BEST YOU HAVE THE CAR, AND YOURS IS THE LIABILITY. **WE'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THE LIABILITY,** and it won't be necessary for you to turn the car in to pay the premium either. **THE RATES ARE REASONABLE.**

Write or phone, giving make of car, model year, number, and purposes for which car is used, and we will gladly quote you rates.

DO IT NOW.

STUART W. GOODWIN

Insurance

NORWAY

MAINE



The Perfect Shingles

The word "perfect" is a much-abused term, but it is the one word that describes Neponset Twin Shingles. They are the perfect shingles. They embody everything you want and need in a shingle—good looks, lasting wear, fire-resistance and economy.

If you come in today and let us show you these beautiful

NEPONSET TWIN SHINGLES

(Patent applied for)

you'll agree that they are the perfect shingles. Neponset Twin Shingles are made of felt, asphalt and crushed rock pressed into one inseparable mass and surfaced with red or green crushed slate—they look like slate but cost less.

Whether you plan to build or repair new or later come in and see "The Roofing Development of the Twentieth Century."

Owing to the high cost of Cedar Shingles and the uncertainty of getting them we have laid in a stock of the above shingles. Cost only one half to lay them, take less nails, and with the lasting and fire proof qualities make them the cheapest and best shingle in the market.

CHAS. G. BLAKE

Norway

Maine

Mr. and have just trip, are n Allen rent they are do The Merc ford, which clothing, do tailor store Stephens II tribution to their annual Tribute," w sale.

At the n T. U. the year's work of \$55 has girl's board made for ur of \$3.00 ha French soldi can Red Cro also help deserving Thanksgiving aged friends Mrs. Geo. ra, of Berlin William J. Stanley P position of Central railr Plummer wi soon as they

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At the meet Bodies held in Waldo Patten Master of the and Frederic High First c Chapter. The Oxford ation will hoi Rumford, May

The Rumfo in cooperation the schools, h hundred garde its unimprove tivation. Couy and those on e will be about Rumford this

On Monday of the Rumfo a supper and church parlor seven o'clock, reception to t P. Lowe. M enjoyed.

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Mr. and Mr ing congratula a fine baby gll Dr. and Mrs. avenue are re upon the birth

At a regulat glass Command Temple, held the committee arrangements f 24, reported a ental Commas been invited a glass for that the invitation, peried is for a commaderles a ford and Bridg is Mustelpal I afternoon grou

YOU CAN QUICKLY STOMACH

You will devel ly when your ity, and when it disturbed. A c should never be illness may resu to bed. To have and very import movefreely. Th remedy to use at than the true Medicine—Two use of hot water position, carryed food, and help to 30 cents at any never used this free sample at Portland, Maine

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RUMFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Harvey, who have just returned from their wedding trip, are now located in the Robert Allen rent on Hancock street, where they are doing light housekeeping.

The Merchant's Association of Rumford, which includes the dry goods, clothing, boot and shoe, millinery and tailor stores, very recently gave the Stephens High school \$25.00 as a contribution towards the publication of their annual magazine, "The Stephens Tribute," which is very soon to be on sale.

At the annual meeting of the W. C. T. U. the following summary of the year's work was presented: The sum of \$55 has been paid towards a little girl's board; six layettes have been made for unfortunate babies; the sum of \$3.00 has been given to aid the French soldiers; and \$15 to the American Red Cross Society. The Union has also helped to clothe the members of deserving families, and has sent Thanksgiving and Christmas cheer to aged friends and needy persons.

Mrs. Geo. Myers and daughter, Doris, of Berlin, N. H., are visiting Mrs. William J. Dyer of Knox street.

Stanley Plummer has accepted the position of ticket agent at the Maine Central railroad station. Mr. and Mrs. Plummer will start housekeeping as soon as they can secure a rent.

The guarantors of the Redpath Chautauque entertainment met at Judge McCarthy's office the other evening, and the organization was perfected. Field Manager, George S. Daigley was present, and outlined the program for this season. It will be fully up to the standard of last season, and that means that the people of this vicinity will be privileged to see and hear some very good talent. The first entertainment will be by the Philharmos, a quintette of natives from the distant islands. The next will be the lectures, E. H. Lougher, who has been chaplain of one of the great penitentiaries, and is an authority on criminal matters. "The Message from Mars" will be an attraction by Adrian M. Novins, a dramatist monologist. The rest of the program will be equally as interesting. The children's supervisor will be Miss Rachel DeWolfe of Cornell University.

At the meeting of the Grand Masonic Bodies held in Portland last week, H. W. Waldo Pettengill was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Maine, and Frederick O. Eaton was elected High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter.

The Oxford County Teachers' Association will hold its annual meeting in Rumford, May 11th.

The Rumford Falls Power Company, in cooperation with all the mills and the schools, has assigned about three hundred gardens, using practically all its unimproved lands, suitable for cultivation. Counting the usual gardens, and those on other private lands, there will be about five hundred gardens in Rumford this year, it is estimated.

On Monday evening, May 7, the men of the Rumford Methodist church had a supper and social meeting in the church parlor. Supper was served at seven o'clock, and was followed by a reception to the new pastor, Rev. B. P. Lowe. Music and speeches were enjoyed.

Mr. A. J. Pine has offered his bowling alleys and lunch room on Congress street for sale, also his home furniture. In event of disposal, he will move to Oakland for his future home.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Frost are being congratulated upon the arrival of a fine baby girl.

Dr. and Mrs. Carl Davis of Prospect avenue are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a 15 pound son.

At a regular convocation of Strathglass Commandery, No. 21, Knights Templar, held on Friday evening last, the committee having charge of the arrangements for St. John's Day, June 24, reported a tentative program. Oriental Commandery of Bridgton have been invited as the guests of Strathglass for that day, and have accepted the invitation. The program as reported is for a parade of the combined commanderies at ten a. m., with Rumford and Bridgton bands, buffet lunch in Municipal Hall, sightseeing in the afternoon around town and the mills.

YOU CATCH COLD QUICKER IF YOUR STOMACH IS UPSET

You will develop any illness more easily when your food is not properly digested, and when the natural functions are disturbed. A cold in the earliest stages should never be neglected, as serious illness may result. It is well to get early to bed, to have the body well warmed, and very important to have the bowels moved freely. There is no better or safer remedy to use at the beginning of a cold than the true L. F. Allen's Medicine. Two to four teaspoonfuls in a cup of hot water will quickly relieve congestion, carry off the ingested food, and help toward further trouble. 25 cents at any dealer's. If you have never used this medicine, ask us for a free sample. L. F. Allen's Medicine Co., Portland, Maine.

OH! MY BACK!

The Expression of Many a
Kidney Sufferer in Bethel

A stubborn backache is cause to suspect kidney trouble. When the kidneys are inflamed and swollen, stooping brings a sharp twinge in the small of the back, that almost takes the breath away. Doan's Kidney Pills revive sluggish kidneys—relieve aching backs. Here's Bethel proof:

B. F. Brown, High St., Bethel, says: "I was troubled by a dull, heavy ache across my back. It annoyed me nearly all the time and I couldn't stoop or do anything without bringing on pain. I often noticed when I got up quickly, I was dizzy and little spots floated before my eyes. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I got them at Bosserman's Drug Store. I soon had relief. I used, all told, about five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and today I am free from all symptoms of kidney complaint."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Brown had. Foster-McIlburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

banquet in Municipal Hall at 6.30 p. m., with orchestral concert during and after the banquet, with entertainment by amateur artists of note.

Rev. John S. Warren of St. Barnabas Episcopal church is in Portland this week attending the annual convention of the diocese of Maine.

The May term of the Oxford County Supreme Court opened on Tuesday morning of this week in the new court room in the new Municipal Building in Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pettengill arrived in town on Tuesday after a winter spent in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Mrs. Sparks, mother of Mr. Alfred Sparks, arrives in a short time to spend a month or so with her son and wife, at their home on Franklin street.

The auto steamer which runs between Bryant's Pond and Rumford, met with a sudden mishap on Monday evening upon its return trip to Rumford.

As it ran from the shore on to the ferry in crossing the river at Rumford Centre, the reverse did not work exactly right and the steamer went over into the river. There were four passengers on board, two men and two women. The two men, when they found themselves going into the river, jumped from the auto and landed on the ferry, also one of the women, but the other woman, Miss Edith Chase, who is employed in the family of H. L. Lovejoy on Franklin street, went into the river with the auto. She was quickly rescued, and aside from a severe fright, she was unhurt. It was long past midnight before the auto was finally pulled out of the river.

Leon Child called on friends at Dickvale, recently.

John Magnuson of Berry's Mills is stopping with his sister, Mrs. C. C. Tracy, at Dickvale.

Mrs. C. J. Tracy is sick at this writing, and Mrs. Lizzie Andrews is working for her.

Dorothy May, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ormond Chase, was very sick the past week. Dr. Pease of Dixfield attended her.

Dr. J. S. Sturtevant of Dixfield was called on Sunday for Mrs. C. J. Tracy. Sally, the big mare, owned by R. E. Tracy, dropped dead from heart disease one day last week while working in the field.

Nathan Bishop and Gerald Knox have each sold a horse recently.

R. E. Tracy sold two cows to Gammon of Rumford last week.

S. Morrill has finished work at H. L. Fuller's and is now at work for W. E. Hotham on the Ridge road.

ALBANY.

Mrs. Wm. Grover had children, Edgar and Mary, have been spending a few days with her brother, Edgar M. Allister, of Lovell.

Thirteen members of Round Mountain Grange attended Pomona at West Bethel last week.

Isaac Flint, who has been in poor health most of the winter, is able to ride out and help some about the farm work.

Sherman Allen has returned home from Portland, where he has had employment.

Mrs. Nellie Grover is spending a few weeks with her son, Harry McNally.

Mr. and Mrs. Abel Andrews accepted an invitation to take dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Allen Fernald, May 1, it being the thirty first anniversary of their wedding day.

Irving Becker, H. T. Bean, Malthus Bird and Abel Andrews entertained the Circle, Friday evening. They served an excellent supper and washed the dishes after which a fine program was given by the young people consisting of music and readings. There followed a merry time in which games were played.

ANDOVER

Bimsley Akers, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Wakefield at Pittsburg, Pa., returned to Andover Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Corn Donson from Harmony is visiting her brother, Herbert Campbell, and family.

Born May 4, to the wife of Lawrence Parsons, a son.

The Ancient and Honorable Whist Club met at their rooms, Saturday evening. Refreshments of salads, hot rolls, cake and coffee were served. The first prizes were won by Mrs. Charles Ripley and Frank Thomas, Mrs. Ada Merrill and William Cushman winning the consolation prizes.

Charles Ripley has moved his family into their summer cottage on Upton street.

John Hovey and family were at Rumford, Saturday.

I. E. Mills and family have moved into Mrs. P. E. Leslie's rent.

Nat Campbell is very ill.

Roger Thurston, wife and daughter, Anna, were guests Sunday of Irving Hanson and wife at Rumford.

B. L. Akers was a dinner guest at Edward Akers', Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Marston has been quite ill.

Mr. W. H. Kilgore of North Waterford, Mr. Bartlett, Mr. Littlefield, and Mr. Bronoll of Stoneham were in town, Saturday, looking for a suitable location to erect a pool mill.

Dr. E. E. Leslie has purchased a new Ford runabout.

All the teachers in town will attend the Oxford County Teachers' Association at Rumford, Friday.

John Talbot was operated on last week at a hospital in Dorchester, Mass. Ira Bodwell is working at Cusumpe.

Mrs. William Boulter and baby have been visiting her parents, E. J. Pratt and wife.

One of Pettengill and Perrault's trimmers was at Miss Ethel McAllister's store, Tuesday, with a fine line of millinery.

The "Tensar," a drama in three acts was given in the town hall, Wednesday evening with the following cast of characters:

Mrs. Fleming, Alice Andrews, Ellen, her daughter, Gladys Howard, Arnold Hays, a young reporter,

Drusilla Todd, Nina Clark, Mr. Higgins, R. F. D., Arthur Clark, Dr. Thrope, Henry Howard, Eben Randall, a man of means,

Chester Sweet, The proceeds are to help on a new stage to be built in the town hall.

Lawrence Parsons is working for Dr. Leslie.

EAST BETHEL.

Mrs. Etta Bean was recently at home from Norway over night.

Mr. Maurice Cowall was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bartlett.

Mrs. Irving Kimball of Brookline, Mass., was a week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Holt.

Mrs. John H. Howe and little daughter were last week's guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Kimball.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Blake and Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Swan were week end guests of friends at South Paris.

Mr. John D. Bean has moved from his home in Massachusetts and will reside in Mrs. Mary Darling's house during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Swan and family drove out in a new Ford car recently purchased.

Mr. Chas. Reed has purchased a Cadillac car for his stage route from Look's Mills to Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter Farwell, Mrs. F. B. Howe and Mr. John H. Howe attended the funeral of Mr. William Earl Kimball, Sunday, May 6, at his home in South Paris. Mr. Kimball was the father of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Kimball, formerly lived at East Bethel, where they have many friends who extended heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved parents in their great sorrow.

The East Bethel Cemetery Association held their annual meeting, May 7. Election of officers: President, J. K. Hastings; Treasurer, J. H. Swan; Secretary, Gay Bartlett; Trustees, H. D. Blake, G. K. Hastings, Guy Bartlett, H. E. Bartlett, Ceylon M. Kimball and J. H. Swan.

MIDDLE INTERVALE ROAD.

Mrs. Mary J. Capen visited her daughter, Mable, at the village and her sister, Mrs. Outhier, the past week, and returned to her old homestead, Tuesday, for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Conliffe were callers at True Haines' on Paradise road Sunday, to see Mrs. Nellie Conliffe and four daughters, who are down from Gorham for a week's visit.

Wm. Capen spent the day at Gen. Osgood's, Monday.

Our mail carrier has a new auto which he will operate in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Belding were at Paris one day last week.

Charles Capen was in Lewiston on business, Friday.

WEST PARIS

George L. Jackson has sold his farm on High street near West Paris through the agency of Charles E. Merrill to E. B. Chesley of West Milan, N. H.

Mr. Jackson will sell at public auction on Thursday of this week, beginning at 9.30 in the forenoon, all his stock, farming tools and household goods, a long list of which is given on the bills.

Thursday evening at Grange Hall there will be a patriotic meeting with Hon. Alton Wheeler of South Paris and Hon. A. J. Stearns of Norway as speakers. Patriotic music will be sung. The hall will be tastefully and appropriately decorated. It is earnestly desired that everybody attend and make this a grand patriotic demonstration.

Rev. J. B. Barrett of West Farmington supplied the Free Baptist pulpit last Sunday.

Corporal Harry W. Laite of the 14th and 6th Battery of the King's Royal Rifles, of Canada, gave a fine lecture on the fighting in France and Belgium at Centennial Hall on Tuesday evening, May 8. Mr. Laite sang several selections before the lecture.

Samuel W. Dunham has gone to Greenfield, Mass., to visit his daughter, Mrs. Harry Hamilton.

Miss Winnifred Winslow of Woodford is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Abner H. Mann.

More than forty couples attended the old folks' ball at Centennial Hall, Thursday evening.

Among those who attended the Grand Lodge of Masons at Portland last week were: H. H. Wardwell, C. A. Bacon, Ralph Bacon, C. H. Lane, Jr., E. J. Mann, L. H. Penley, F. R. Penley. Mrs. C. A. Baker accompanied her husband, and Mrs. C. H. Lane, Jr., and daughter, Margaret, went with Mr. Lane.

Heretofore Farrar has purchased a lot of land on Greenwood street of J. Frank Reed of Look's Mills.

Mrs. Ellis S. Doble has returned from Sumner where she has been with her father.

The baby daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Briggs has been named Julia Ellen.

Harrington S. Mann, who has been at Fairfield Sanatorium, has come to Hebron Sanatorium. Mr. Mann is gaining in health.

The death of Levi Sheild at his residence on Main street, Tuesday forenoon, removes another from the comparatively small number of civil war veterans in our village. Mr. Sheild had been in failing health for a long time, suffering from severe attacks of heart trouble, but much of the time able to be around and go to the post office until the past few days. He was the son of Levi and Rhoda (Stevens) Sheild and was born in Norway, April 26, 1838. In January 1867 he was united in marriage with Mrs. Phila Brooks Bennett, who with a son, Will Brooks, of Portland survives. A daughter, Ida, was born of this union, who died in childhood. Mr. Sheild enlisted in Company I 5th Maine and served three years until the close of the war. In religious belief he was a Universalist and always gave support to that church in whatever town he was located. In politics he was a Democrat. He was a Mason of many years standing, joining that organization at South Paris; later he became a charter member of Granite Lodge of West Paris. In early life he lived at Greenwood for three years where he was in trade. For twenty-four years he was a resident of Gorham, N. H., and held the offices of sheriff, deputy sheriff, county commissioner, selectman, street commissioner and other offices of trust while a resident of New Hampshire. Since retiring from business he lived for a few years in Norway, but the most of his long and useful life has been spent in West Paris. Mr. Sheild was a man of good financial ability. He bought real estate and always made the place so home like that somebody wanted to buy for a home. A large part of his long and useful life was spent in West Paris where a large circle of friends will regret his death, and sympathize with the bereaved family in the loss of a man kind, generous and thoughtful, who was well known and respected in the community and who gave faithful service to his country.

The Universalist Good Will Society will hold their semi-annual sale and entertainment at Good Will Hall, Wednesday, May 16. Sale will open at two o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Mann, Master Lewis Jacob Mann, Mrs. D. A. Hall, Mrs. Cynthia H. Curtis and Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Tuell took an auto trip to Lewiston, Saturday.

RUSSELL'S PILE REMEDY

Has cured thousands of the most painful cases. Will cure yours. Will give relief on first application. Fifty cent box mailed anywhere.

RUSSELL'S PILE REMEDY, Uphams Corner, P. O. Box 1, Dorchester, Mass. 5-18-17.



Paint that Stays Put

STAYS—mark that! Pure, powerful, persistent paint. BAY STATE sticks like a poor relation. Wet weather just can't get under its skin. The Bay State knows its duty—to protect and beautify—and he is faithful to the last drop of paint.

Don't get the habit of saying "any old paint will do." Say "Bay State." Then you will get a paint made and mixed just right for your purpose. Excellent colors and color combinations for the house and outdoors. Special paints and enamels for everything in and around the house.

Send for our illustrated book on paint.

WADSWORTH, HOWLAND & CO., Inc.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers and only Corridor of Lead in New England
Boston, Mass.

If your dealer does not carry it send us for prices and color cards.

BAY STATE PAINTS

HOW TO SELECT FOODS.

How to Tell Whether the Family is Getting Enough of Right Kind of Food.

The health and appearance of the family are a good test of the wholesomeness of their diet, according to the United States Department of Agriculture Farmers' Bulletin 808, on how to select foods. If they are strong, well developed for their ages, free from ailments, and full of energy and ambition, one may safely say their food agrees with them. But if they are listless and ailing, or not as well developed either physically or mentally as they should be, and if a competent physician finds that there is no special disease to account for these bad symptoms, a mother may well ask herself if the food is right, and if not, how she can make it so. If a little too much or too little of one nutrient is provided at a single meal or on a single day, a healthy body does not suffer, because it has ways of storing such a surplus and of using its stored material in an emergency. The danger would come if the diet taken week in and week out always provided too much or too little of some one nutrient.

Habit and custom help greatly, because they usually are based on what the experience of generations has proved is wise and healthful, though, of course, there are bad habits and outgrown customs in food as in everything else. Good food habits, it must be remembered, include more than cleanliness and order in everything that has to do with food and meals and leisurely ways of eating. Equally important are a liking for all kinds of wholesome foods, even if they have not always been used in one's home or neighborhood, and eating reasonable amounts, without being either greedy or overindulgent. Every effort should be made to train children in such good food habits. If older people have not learned them, they, too, should try to do so, for such things are very important not only to health but also to economy.

To refuse to eat some wholesome dish simply because one is not accustomed to it may prevent the use of some very desirable and economical food. To feel that there is any virtue in providing more food than is needed shows poor taste as well as poor economy.

Men Drilling for National Preparedness.

Get great comfort from the use of Allen's Foot-Ease. When shaken into the shoes it takes the friction from the shoes, freshens the feet and makes walking easy. Gives instant relief to tired, aching, swollen, tender feet, blisters and calluses. Also sprays it in the foot-bath. British and French troops use it.—Adv.

NOTICE.

The subscribers hereby give notice that they have been duly appointed executors of the last will and testament of Phoebe M. Baxter late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

J. H. HASTINGS.

April 17th, 1917. 4-25-17.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Moses M. Hastings late of Bethel in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

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JOHN M. GOULD, JULIA H. BURNETT.

April 17th, 1917. 4-25-17.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of May, A. D. 1917, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Ernest W. Godwin late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Ida M. Godwin as executrix thereof to serve without bond presented by said Ida M. Godwin the executrix therein named.

Francis M. Coffin late of Oilead, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Frank B. Coffin as executor thereof to act without bond presented by said Frank B. Coffin, the executor therein named.

Joseph Fleet late of Newry, deceased; petition that Nettie D. Fleet or some other suitable person be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased presented by David Fleet, brother.

Daniel D. McLeod late of Oilead, deceased; petition that Ellery C. Park or some other suitable person be appointed as administrator of the estate of said deceased presented by Fred A. McLeod, brother.

Loretta Churchill late of Bethel, deceased; petition that Fannie B. Lovejoy or some other suitable person be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased presented by said Fannie B. Lovejoy, daughter and heir.

Grace D. Farwell late of Oilead, deceased; first account presented for allowance by James Simpson, administrator.

Gilbert Tyler late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and for the appointment of Fred W. Tyler as executor thereof without bond, presented by said Fred W. Tyler, the executor therein named.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court.

A true copy—attest: ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

4-25-17.

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JOHN M. GOULD, JULIA H. BURNETT.

April

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bethel, Maine.

LUCIAN W. BLANCHARD,
Counselor-at-Law,
Post Office Block,
Telephone 7-3
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.



QUARRIES, FACTORY LOCATIONS, MILL SITES, FARMS, SITES FOR SUMMER HOTELS AND CAMPS.

Located on the line of the **MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD** give opportunity to those desiring to make a change in location for a new start in life.

UNDEVELOPED WATER POWERS, UNLIMITED RAW MATERIAL AND GOOD FARMING LAND
Await development.

Communications regarding locations are invited and will receive attention when addressed to any agent of the **MAINE CENTRAL**, or to

INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD, PORTLAND, MAINE.

MAISON.

School commenced Wednesday, the 5th, with Miss Jordan of Bryant's as teacher.

Mr. Hyman, our new superintendent, visited school one day, recently. Margaret Gough has purchased a new measure sprayer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Grover and sons, Paul and Walter, visited at A. B. Grover's on Grover Hill, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Tyler of Grover Hill visited at E. C. Miller's, Monday.

Miss Kessel, Harry Kessel's mother, returned to her home in Massachusetts, Monday.

Mr. Westinghouse called at S. O. Grover's on Monday.

Miss Gough, who had the misfortune to cut her foot quite badly a few days ago, is able to be out again, and is driving Myron Merrill's team.

Frederick Gough is hauling birch to West Bethel.

E. C. Smith has sold his Angora goats.

Ed Tyler of West Bethel has been sewing wood for Myron Merrill, Douglass Gough and Ellen Mills.

During Hatchinson of West Bethel was in town one day recently.

J. H. Adams is hauling logs to F. I. Ryan's mill.

There have been two U. S. soldiers to town, recently, looking after recruits for the D.

Mr. Grover is working in the mill for F. I. Ryan.

Several from town attended Piquette church at West Bethel, Tuesday.

A large crowd attended the reception given by Mr. and Mrs. Myron Merrill at the Grange Hall at West Bethel last Friday.

RUMFORD POINT.

Miss Alice Hopkins was home from vacation for the week end.

Blanche, John and George Hopkins, Mrs. Merrill and Fred Barker are working in the mill.

George Barker is joining at the mill house.

Leon Adams is working at Ryan's mill.

S. O. Grover and wife came home from East Bethel, Monday.

Mr. Adams has gone to F. I. Ryan's mill, Monday.

Thousands of Mosquitoes Whirring the children are in their camp. Any person not vaccinated and who will carry Mosquitoes brings down the children. This for 30 years has been a trouble to many thousands of children. They frequently break up camp in 24 hours, move and then into the house and destroy the same.

POEMS WORTH READING

NOW OR NEVER.

By T. A. Daly in the Philadelphia Ledger.

Now, lads, or never! The mother that bore you,
She whom her poet called "land of the free,"
She who long looked so tenderly o'er you,
Spoke to the men that she raised you to be.
Blows of a madman have showered upon her;
Over vexed waters the winds bear her cry.
Into your keeping she lifts her white hands;
"Now, lads, reply!"
Begs you to cherish it, yet though you die,
Now, lads, reply!

Now, lads, or never! Have done with soft Pleasure
Lasse is foul treason since Peace is no more.
Over wide waters, Death dances a measure;
War's on the wave within sight of our shore.
Long in safe harbor our leader has kept us,
Chiding, in bonds, with the vasalets in view;
Now to the mainstream their jostling hath swept us—
What, in God's name, is there left us to do?
What, lads, say you?

Now, lads, or never! Your chieftain is calling;
Mark ye the war-trumpet poised at his lips!
Ere from that bugle the last notes are falling
Spring to the colors, the guns and the ships!
Helps of dead heroes be you now the living,
March forth with courage, for they showed you how!
Hells of dead heroes! deserve their great giving;
Stay not to haggle, but take the great vow—
Take it, lads, NOW!

THE YANKEE MEN.

By Adam Fargate.

The Yankee Men! The Yankee Men!
The Red and White and Blue!
The long-enduring Yankee Men,
The brave and kind and true!
The Red is for the light in us,
The White is for the way
We treated even Prussian pride
That boasted of "The Day."
The Blue is for the truth in us,
The Red and White and Blue,
The only flag for Yankee Men,
And Yankee women, too!
For Yankee Men and those they love
Are brave and kind and true;
And what the Yankee undertakes,
He always sees it through!

The Yankee men have Norman blood,
And Saxon blood and Celtic blood,
And Latin blood and Slav blood,
And Gith and Vandal, too.
From North and East and South it came,
But ever came in freedom's name,
And, once it flowed through Yankee veins,
Was Red and White and Blue.

The Red is for the light in us,
The White is for the way
We treated even Prussian pride
That boasted of "The Day."
The Blue is for the truth in us,
The Red and White and Blue,
The only flag for Yankee Men,
And Yankee women, too!
For Yankee Men and those they love
Are brave and kind and true;
And what the Yankee undertakes,
He always sees it through!

THE FREEDOM CRISIS.

By James Russell Lowell.

Times to every man and nation comes
The moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah
Offering each the blood or light,
Falls the gates upon the left hand,
And the sheep goes by forever 'twixt
That darkness and that light.

Who to side with Truth is noble when
We share her watched crest,
Her banner bring fame and profit,
And 'tis to progress to be just,
Then it is the least men choose,
While the coward stands aside,
Doubting his subject spirit, till his
Loud is revealed,
And the multitude make choice of the
Truth they had denied.

'T is an error to be honest as to all
The life shares

WILLIAM TELL FLOUR



"It's easy to make good bread with WILLIAM TELL FLOUR. It's so easy, it's just fun!"
DAISY BAKER

Of a legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime—
Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their times?
Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make the month's back sublime!

New occasions teach new duties: Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth!
Lo, before us gleams our Commonwealth: Let our bases be built on a rock—
Launch our Mayflower, and steer her bold through the desperate winter sea.

Ne attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-stained key;
The Kid has gone to the Colors!

By W. M. Herbell, in The Indianapolis News.
The Kid has gone to the Colors
And we don't know what to say;
The Kid we have loved and cuddled
Stepped out for the flag today.
We thought him a child, a baby
With never a care at all,
But his country called him man size
And the Kid has heard the call.

He passed to watch the recruiting,
Where, fired by the life and drum,
He bowed his head to Old Glory
And thought that it whispered:
"Come!"

The Kid, not being a slacker,
Stood forth with patriot joy
To add his name to the roster—
And God, we're proud of the boy!

The Kid has gone to the Colors;
It seems but a little while
Since he drilled a schoolboy army
In a truly martial style.
But now he's a man, a soldier,
And we lead him listening ear,
For his heart is a heart all loyal,
Unscarred by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, shuddered,
His mother—God bless her!—cried:
"Yet, bless with a mother's satire,
She wept with a mother's pride."
But he whose old shoulders straightened
Said:
"Was Granddad—for memory can
To years when he, too, a youngster,
Was changed by the flag to a man!"

WHO'S READY?
By Edna Dean Procter.
And help me! Who's ready? There's danger before!
Who's armed and who's unarmed? The foe's at the door!

The smoke of his cannon barge black o'er the plain;
His shouts ring exultant while, counting our slain:

Lead armies or councils—the soldier's bold—
Alas, so you value Liberty's shield!
Alas, so you value when the battle's won,
For country, for Freedom, for Freedom to all!

The blows of the holdest will carry the day—
Who's ready? O forward!—there's death in delay!

Earth's noblest are praying at home and o'er sea—
"And keep the great nation united and free!"
Her tyrants watch, eager to leap at our life,
If once we should falter or faint in the strife;

Our trust is unshaken, though legions assail—
Who's ready? O forward!—and Right shall prevail!

Who's ready? "All ready!" undaunted we cry;
"For Country, for Freedom, we'll fight till we die!"
No traitor, at midnight, shall pierce us in rest;
No alien, at noonday, shall stab us abroad;

The God of our Fathers is guiding us still—
All forward! we're ready, and conquer we will!"

BRYANT'S FOND.
Helen Abbott of Upton is teaching in the Bryant District and Elizabeth Buckley of Berlin has charge of the North Woodstock village school.

The public car from Rumford made its first trip here for the season, Monday.

J. H. Stuart of South Paris was in town last week engaged in running lines for Lee M. Rowe on his home place.

The Woodstock High school will give their annual entertainment here Thursday evening of this week. The program will be the presentation of a three act drama, followed by a ball. Weber's orchestra of Rumford has been engaged for the occasion.

Lake Christopher was clear of ice May 1st one week later than last year. The first lucky fisherman was J. S. Smith of Waterville, who captured a pair of red spots, weighing four pounds.

Smelt have been abundant in every tributary of the lake and an immense quantity has been taken the past week by people from far and near.

R. G. Wing, proprietor of Lakeville Cottage, arrived home last week from Boston, having been there through the winter with his son in law, Dr. Alfred Rogers.

Raymond Brooks was at Naples Tuesday, called there by the illness of one of his brothers, Clifford Brooks, proprietor of the Inn.

YOU NEED A SPRING LAXATIVE

Dr. King's New Life Pills will remove the accumulated wastes of winter from your intestines, the burden of the blood. Get that sluggish spring fever feeling out of your system, brighten your eyes, clear your complexion. Get that vim and snap of good purified healthy blood. Dr. King's New Life Pills are a non-gripping laxative that aids nature's process, try them to-night. At all druggists, Mrs. Adams.

SOUTH PARIS.

The annual meeting of the trustees of the Deering Memorial church was held in the church vestry Thursday evening and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Winfield S. Starbird; treasurer, George L. Burnham; secretary, Dr. Charles L. Buck.

Seventeen military boys, a sergeant and corporal have been sent here from Auburn, for guard duty. Their barracks are in a building near Burnham and Morrill's corn factory.

Albert L. King, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. King, has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and assigned to the torpedo boat, "Blackley," with headquarters at the Charlestown Navy yard.

Master Stanley Bryant has returned from Hobron Sanatorium, where he has been for nearly a year, owing to weak lungs. The doctors pronounce Stanley perfectly well and he is living with his grandmother, Mrs. George Waterhouse here and will attend school.

Frank Plummer has gone to Kineo where he has charge of a crew of lumbermen on Moosehead Lake. Mr. Plummer expects to be gone until the middle of July.

News has been received of the death of W. Earle Kimball. Mr. Kimball and two gentlemen friends were returning from a theatre in Boston in an automobile and had a collision with an electric car. The head lights were so dazzling the boys could not tell which way to turn and all three were instantly killed. Mr. Kimball's skull being very badly crushed. Mr. Kimball was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kimball. He was 26 years of age. At the time of his birth his parents were living at East Bethel, but they have lived in Paris for several years and Mr. Kimball is a prosperous farmer.

Earl was a graduate of Paris High school, University of Maine and studied law in the office of Alton C. Wheeler from the summer of 1915 to the summer of 1916. At the time of his death he was employed in Attleboro, Mass., as city engineer. Mr. Kimball was a very promising young man and his parents have the sympathy of the community.

A. W. Walker and son held their eleventh annual field day, Wednesday, May 2. There were about 250 towns-men and outside representatives at dinner in one of the large labeling rooms of the Burnham & Morrill corn factory. The tables were very prettily decorated with flags and the following served the dinner: Mrs. Sadie Edwards, Mrs. Horace Edwards, Mrs. Beryl Hill, Mrs. Love Dresser, Cyrus Twichell and Osmond Clifford. In the afternoon the following program was carried out: A. W. Walker acted as chairman and opened the speeches by saying: "Owing to the great call for young men from the country for the army and navy, the labor problem will be serious this year. The army must be fed as well as those at home and across the water. Every farmer should raise every thing possible to live on; products are high and there is a great shortage; therefore in order to overcome this deficiency they must buy modern farm machinery to work with."

Then, Alton C. Wheeler, Rev. Chester Miller, C. H. Tucker of Portland and C. J. McIntire were the speakers and each one impressed upon the minds the importance of utilizing every inch of soil possible this coming season. Agriculture was the general theme. The following agents representing the International Harvester Co., were there: R. H. Nesbitt, general agent of Boston, Frank Edwards and M. T. Smith, truck men, C. B. Jordan, head of Portland block, Guy Kennedy representing the John Deere Plow Co., Maurice Powell representing Dorr and Stranahan lighting system gave a very interesting demonstration, showing how lighting strikes buildings, the different paths it takes and the damage done if there is no protection against it. Bert Morrill represented Bowker's Percolator. Although the day was cold and the traveling was not the best the field day was a great success.

LOOKS' MILLS.
Herbert Day has purchased a Ford touring car.

Miss Alma Swan of Portland was a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Swan, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Brown entered tourist company from Bethel, Sunday.

Mrs. Ida Crocker returned home Tuesday after staying in Beverly, Mass., for the winter.

Ray Crockett of Bryant's Pond was calling on his uncle, W. H. Crockett, Sunday.

Harold King is moving into Mrs. Tess Woodman's home.

Mrs. Field of West Paris has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. Albert Swan.

Edgar Crocker of Beverly, Mass., is staying with his aunt, Mrs. Alice Farington, for a few weeks.

Mrs. W. H. Crockett attended grange at Bryant's Pond, Saturday.

Several new houses are being built this spring.

NORWAY.

City delivery mail service was installed in town, Tuesday, May 1, with two routes. Floyd Haskell has been assigned as carrier No. 1, his route including the upper portion of the village from Lyman street to the D. M. French residence, Pleasant street, up Water street to Ray Bennett's, Orchard street and Greenleaf avenue. Carrier No. 2, W. Arthur Lewis, has from Lyman down to the W. N. Bessey residence on Paris street, to Osman F. Hills' on Alpine street, to The Mender place on Brown street and T. W. Abbott's on lower Main street. The carriers leave the post office at 7:45 a. m. and 2 p. m. under the present train conditions. Seven collection boxes will be installed at convenient places.

George L. Sanborn has bought the lot between Fred S. Brown's and Samuel Young's on Main street and will erect an Aladdin six room semi-bungalow. Work on the cellar will begin within a few days.

The Browning Reading club appointed the following committees for the year at the last meeting of the season held Monday evening at the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Blacknell: program committee, Miss Helen Swan, Miss Jennie P. Baker, Miss Charlotte Lovejoy; nominating committee, Mrs. Eva Kimball, Mrs. Thirza Lovejoy; picnic committee, Mrs. Linnie Bartlett, Mrs. Gertrude Libby, Mrs. Lena French. The annual memorial service will be held June 20 at the home of Mrs. Edith Bartlett, with an appropriate program.

The decorating committee is comprised of Mrs. Elizabeth Blacknell, Miss Elsie Kimball. He was 26 years of age. At the time of his birth his parents were living at East Bethel, but they have lived in Paris for several years and Mr. Kimball is a prosperous farmer.

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SOUTH WOODSTOCK.

Mrs. Winfield Bryant and two children who have been stopping at Percy Wilson's for several weeks have gone to her mother's home at Locke's Mills.

Mrs. Martha Bartlett has returned to the home of F. R. Andrews after a visit of several weeks with relatives and friends in Portland and Boston.

Sam Chamberlain has moved his goods here from South Paris.

Ernest Cash is working for A. M. Andrews.

Frank Andrews and Mrs. Martha Bartlett attended the Piquette Grange at West Bethel last week.

PERU.

Kidder Bros. have purchased a new note truck.

Mrs. E. B. Knox, who had a shock some time ago, is much improved. Her son, Merle, who has been ill with rheumatic fever, is also gaining.

River Brown of Dixfield and L. E. Irish are building a new ferry boat at the landing in Peru. Wm. Paul will run the boat this year.

A. R. McIntire has bought the town farm.

The N. & M. P. A. held a meeting at the Grange Hall last Monday at which L. E. McIntire of Waterville was the principal speaker.

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KAZAN

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Kazan, the wild sled dog, one-quarter wolf and three-quarters husky, distrustful of all men because of his brutal treatment of him, learns to love his master's wife when she is kind to him in new and strange surroundings.

CHAPTER II—He shows unswerving loyalty to McCready, who is to accompany Thorpe and his wife to the Red River camp.

CHAPTER III—Kazan knows that McCready is a murderer. McCready stealthily carcases Isobel's hair and Kazan attacks him. Thorpe, Kazan's master, attacks Isobel. Kazan kills him and then, fearing the club in punishment, runs away into the forest.

He leaped again, and was thrown upon his back. A second and a third time he sprang the length of the leash into the night, and the babbling cord about his neck cut into his flesh like a knife. He stopped for an instant, gasping for breath. The shadows were still fighting. Now they were upright! Now they were crumpling down! With a fierce snarl he flung his whole weight once more at the end of the chain. There was a snap, as the thing about his neck gave way.

In half a dozen bounds Kazan made the tent and rushed under the flap. With a snarl he was at McCready's throat. The first snap of his powerful jaws was death, but he did not know that. He knew only that his mistress was there, and that he was fighting for her. There came one choking gasping cry that ended with a terrible sob; it was McCready. The man sank from his knees upon his back, and Kazan thrust his fangs deeper into his enemy's throat; he felt the warm blood.

The dog's mistress was calling to him now. She was pulling at his shaggy neck. But he would not loose his hold—not for a long time. When he did, his mistress looked down once upon the man and covered her face with her hands. Then she sank down upon the blanket. She was very still. Her face and hands were cold, and Kazan nuzzled them tenderly. Her eyes were closed. He snuggled up close against her, with his ready jaws turned toward the dead man. Why was she so still, he wondered?

A long time passed, and then she moved. Her eyes opened. Her hand touched him.

Then he heard a step outside. It was his master, and with that old thrill of fear—fear of the club—he went swiftly to the door. Yes, there was his master in the freighting—and in his hand he held the club. He was coming slowly, almost falling at each step, and his face was red with blood. But he had the club! He would beat him again—but him terribly for hurting Isobel; so Kazan slipped quickly under the tent flap and stole off into the shadows. From out of the gloom of the thick spruce he looked back, and a low whine of love and grief rose and died softly in his throat. They would beat him always now—after that. Even he would beat him. They would hunt him down, and beat him when they found him.

From out of the glow of the fire he turned his wolfish head to the depths of the forest. There were no clubs or stinging lashes out in that gloom. They would never find him there.

For another moment he wavered. And then, as silently as one of the wild creatures whose blood was partly his, he stole away into the blackness of the night.

CHAPTER IV.

Free From Bonds.

There was a low moaning of the wind in the spruce tops as Kazan slunk off into the blackness and mystery of the forest. For hours he lay near the camp, his red and blistered eyes gazing steadily at the tent wherein the terrible thing had happened a little while before.

He knew now what death was. He could tell it farther than man. He could smell it in the air. And he knew that there was death all about him, and that he was the cause of it. He lay on his belly in the deep snow and shivered, and the three-quarters of him that was dog whined in a grief-stricken way, while the quarter that was wolf still revealed their menacely in his fangs, and in the vengeful glare of his eyes.

Three times the man—his master—came out of the tent, and shouted loudly. "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!"

Three times the woman came with him. In the freighting Kazan could see her shining hair streaming about her, as he had seen it in the tent, when he had leaped up and killed the other man. In her blue eyes there was the same wild terror, and her face was white as the snow. "Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!"—and all that part of him that was dog, and not wolf, trembled joyously at the sound of her voice, and he almost crept in to take his beating, but fear of the club was the greater, and he held back, hour after hour, until now, it was silent again in the tent, and the fire was dying down.

Cautionously he crept out from the thick gloom, working his way on his

belly toward the packed sleds, and what remained of the burned logs. Beyond that sledge, hidden in the darkness of the trees, was the body of the man he had killed, covered with a blanket. Thorpe, his master, had dragged it there.

He lay down, with his nose to the warm coals and his eyes leveled between his forepaws, straight at the closed tent-flap. He meant to keep awake, to watch, to be ready to slink off into the forest at the first movement there. But a warmth was rising about him, and the gray ash of the fire, and his eyes closed. Twice—three times he fought himself back into watchfulness; but the last time, his eyes came only half open, and closed heavily again.

In his sleep he was leaping again at the end of his chain. His jaws snapped like castanets of steel—and the sound awakened him, and he sprang to his feet, his spine as stiff as a brush, and his snarling fangs bared like ivory knives. He had awakened just in time. There was movement in the tent. His master was awake, and if he did not escape—

He sped swiftly into the thick spruce, and passed, flat and hidden, with only his head showing from behind a tree. He knew that his master would not spare him. Three times Thorpe had beaten him for snapping at McCready. The last time he would have shot him, if the girl had not saved him. And now he had torn McCready's throat. He had taken the life from him, and his master would not spare him. Even the woman could not save him.

Kazan was sorry that his master had returned, dazed and bleeding, after he had torn McCready's jugular. Then he would have had her always. She would have loved him. She did love him. And he would have followed her, and fought for her always, and died for her when the time came. But Thorpe had come in from the forest again, and Kazan had slunk away quickly—for Thorpe meant to him what all men meant to him now: the club, the whip and the strange things that spat fire and death.

And now—Thorpe had come out from the tent. It was approaching dawn, and in his hand he held a rifle. A moment later the girl came out, and her hand caught the man's arm. They looked toward the thing covered by the blanket. Then she spoke to Thorpe, and he suddenly straightened and threw back his head. "H-o-o-o-o—Kazan—Kazan—Kazan!" he called.

A shiver ran through Kazan. The man was trying to inveigle him back. He had in his hand the thing that killed.

"Kazan—Kazan—Ka-a-a-a-zan!" he shouted again. Kazan sneaked cautiously back from the tree. He knew that distance meant nothing to the cold thing of death that Thorpe held in his hand. He turned his head once, and whined softly, and for an instant a great longing flared his reddened eyes as he saw the last of the girl.

He knew now, that he was leaving her forever, and there was an ache in his heart that had never been there before, a pain that was not of the club or whip, of cold or hunger, but which was greater than them all, and which filled him with a desire to throw back his head and cry out his loneliness to the gray emptiness of the sky.

Back in the camp the girl's voice quivered.

"He is gone."

"The man's strong voice choked a little."

"Yes, he is gone. He knew—and I didn't. I'd give a year of my life—if I hadn't whipped him yesterday and last night. He won't come back."

Isobel Thorpe's hand tightened on his arm.

"He will!" she cried. "He won't leave me. He loved me, if he was savage and terrible. And he knows that I love him. He'll come back—"

"Listen!"

From deep in the forest there came a long wailing howl, filled with a plaintive sadness. It was Kazan's farewell to the woman.

After that cry Kazan sat for a long time on his haunches, sniffing the new freedom of the air, and watching the deep black pits in the forest about him, as they faded away before dawn. Now

until the first night the woman had put her warm little hand on his head, and had snuggled her face close down to his, while Thorpe—her husband—had cried out in horror. He had almost buried his fangs in her white flesh, but in an instant her gentle touch, and her sweet voice, had went through him that wonderful thrill that was his first knowledge of love. And now it was a man who was driving him from her, away from the hand that had never held a club or a whip, and he growled as he trotted deeper into the forest.

He came to the edge of a swamp as day broke. For a time he had been filled with a strange uneasiness, and light did not quite dispel it. At last he was free of men. He could detect nothing that reminded him of their hated presence in the air. But neither could he smell the presence of other dogs, of the sledges, the fire, of companionship and food, and so far back as he could remember they had always been a part of his life.

Here it was very quiet. The swamp lay in a hollow between two ridge mountains, and the spruce and cedar grew low and thick—so thick that there was almost no snow under them, and the day was like twilight. Two things he began to miss more than all others—food and company. Both the wolf and the dog that was in him de-



It Was Kazan's Farewell to the Woman.

manded the first, and that part of him that was dog longed for the latter. To both desires the wolf blood that was strong in him rose responsively. It told him that somewhere in this silent world between the two ridges there was companionship, and that all he had to do to find it was to sit back on his haunches, and cry out his loneliness. More than once something trembled in his deep chest, rose in his throat, and ended there in a whine. It was the wolf howl, not yet quite born. Food came more easily than voice. Toward midday he cornered a big white rabbit under a log, and killed it. The warm flesh and blood was better than frozen fish, or tallow and bran, and the feast he had gave him confidence. That afternoon he chased many rabbits, and killed two more. Until now, he had never known the delight of pursuing and killing at will, even though he did not eat all he killed.

But there was no fight in the rabbits. They died too easily. They were very sweet and tender to eat, when he was hungry, but the first thrill of killing them passed away after a time. He wanted something bigger. He no longer slunk along as if he were afraid, as if he wanted to remain hidden. He held his head up. His back bristled. His tail swung free and bushy, like a wolf's. Every hair in his body quivered with the electric energy of life and action. He traveled north and west. It was the call of early days—the days away up on the Mackenzie. The Mackenzie was a thousand miles away.

He came upon many trails in the snow that day, and sniffed the scents left by the boots of moose and caribou, and the fur-padded feet of a lynx. He followed a fox, and the trail led him to a place shut in by tall spruce, where the snow was beaten down and reddened with blood. There was a wolf's head, feathers, wings and a little of his body here, and he knew that there were other hunters abroad besides himself.

Toward evening he came upon tracks in the snow that were very much like his own. They were quite fresh, and there was a warm scent about them that made him white, and filled him again with that desire to fall back upon his haunches and send forth the wolf-cry. This desire grew stronger in him as the shadows of night deepened in the forest. He had traveled all day, but he was not tired. There was something about night, now that there were no men near, that exhilarated him strangely. The wolf blood in him ran swifter and swifter. Tonight it was clear. The sky was filled with stars. The moon rose. And at last he settled back in the snow and turned his head straight up to the spruce tops, and the wolf came out of him in a long mournful cry which quivered through the still night for miles.

For a long time he sat and listened after that howl. He had found voice—a voice with a strange new note in it, and it gave him still greater confidence. He had expected an answer, but none came. He had traveled in the face of the wind, and as he howled, a bull moose crashed through the scrub timber ahead of him, his horns rattling against the trees like the latter of a

clear birch club as he put distance between himself and that cry.

Twice Kazan howled before he went on, and he found joy in the practice of that new note. He came then to the foot of a rough ridge, and turned up out of the swamp to the top of it. The stars and the moon were nearer to him there, and on the other side of the ridge he looked down upon a great sweeping plain, with a frozen lake glistening in the moonlight, and a white river leading from it off into timber that was neither so thick nor so black as that in the swamp.

And then every muscle in his body grew tense, and his blood leaped. From far off in the plain there came a cry. It was his cry—the wolf-cry. His jaws snapped. His white fangs gleamed, and he growled deep in his throat. He wanted to reply, but some strange instinct urged him not to. That instinct of the wild was already becoming master of him. In the air, in the whispering of the spruce tops, in the moon and the stars themselves, there breathed a spirit which told him that what he had heard was the wolf-cry, but that it was not the wolf call.

The other came an hour later, clear and distinct, that same wailing howl at the beginning—but ending in a staccato of quick sharp yelps that stirred his blood at once into a fiery excitement that he had never known before. The same instinct told him that this was the call—the hunt-cry. It urged him to come quickly. A few moments later it came again, and this time there was a reply from close down along the foot of the ridge, and another from so far away that Kazan could scarcely hear it. The hunt-pack was gathering for the night chase; but Kazan sat quiet and trembling.

He was not afraid, but he was not ready to go. The ridge seemed to split the world for him, and down there it was new, and strange, and without men. From the other side something seemed pulling him back, and suddenly he turned his head and gazed back through the moonlit space behind him, and whined. It was the dog-whine now. The woman was back there. He could hear her voice. He could feel the touch of her soft hand. He could see the laughter in her face and eyes, the laughter that had made him warm and happy. She was calling to him through the forests, and he was torn between desire to answer that call, and desire to go down into the plain. For he could see many men waiting for him with clubs, and he could hear the cracking of whips, and feel the sting of their lashes.

For a long time he remained on the top of the ridge that divided his world. And then, at last, he turned and went down into the plain.

CHAPTER V.

Leader of the Pack.

All that night Kazan kept close to the hunt-pack, but never quite approached it. This was fortunate for him. He still bore the scent of traces, and of man. The pack would have torn him to pieces. The first instinct of the wild is that of self-preservation. It may have been this, a whisper back through the years of savage forebears, that made Kazan roll in the snow now and there where the feet of the pack had trod the thickest.

That night the pack killed a caribou on the edge of the lake, and feasted until nearly dawn. Kazan hung in the face of the wind. The small of blood and of warm flesh tickled his nostrils, and his sharp ears could catch the cracking of bones. But the instinct was stronger than the temptation.

Not until broad day, when the pack had scattered far and wide over the plain, did he go boldly to the scene of the kill. He found nothing but an area of blood-reddened snow, covered with bones, entrails and torn bits of tough hide. But it was enough, and he rolled in it, and buried his nose in what was left, and remained all that day close to it, saturating himself with the scent of it.

That night, when the moon and the stars came out again, he sat back with fear and hesitation no longer in him, and announced himself to his new comrades of the great plain.

The pack halted again that night, or else it was a new pack that started miles to the south, and came up with a doe caribou to the big frozen lake. The night was almost as clear as day, and from the edge of the forest Kazan first saw the caribou run out on the lake a third of a mile away. The pack was about a dozen strong, and had already split into the fatal horseshoe formation, the two leaders running almost abreast of the kill, and slowly closing in.

With a sharp yelp Kazan darted out into the moonlight. He was directly in the path of the fleeing doe, and bore down upon her with lightning speed. Two hundred yards away the doe saw him, and swerved to the right, and the leader on that side met her with open jaws. Kazan was in with the second leader, and leaped at the doe's soft throat. In a snarling mass the pack closed in from behind, and the doe went down, with Kazan half under her body, his fangs sunk deep in her jugular. She lay heavily on him, but he did not lose his hold. It was his first big kill. His blood ran like fire. He snarled between his clamped teeth.

Not until the last quiver had left the body ever him did he pull himself out from under her chest and forelegs. He had killed a rabbit that day and was not hungry. So he sat back in the snow and waited, while the ravenous pack tore at the dead doe. After a little he came nearer, noosed in between two of them, and was nipped for his intrusion.

As Kazan drew back, still hesitating to mix with his wild brothers, a big gray form leaped out of the pack and drove straight for his throat. He had just time to throw his shoulder to the attack, and for a moment the two rolled over and over in the snow. They were up before the excitement of sudden battle had drawn the pack from the feast. Slowly they circled about each other, their white fangs bare, their yellowish backs bristling like furshes. The fatal ring of wolves drew about the fighters.

It was not new to Kazan. A dozen times he had sat in rings like this, waiting for the final moment. More than once he had fought for his life within the circle. It was the sledge-dog way of fighting. Unless man interrupted with a club or a whip it always ended in death. Only one fighter could come out alive. Sometimes both died. And there was no man here—only that fatal cordon of waiting white-fanged demons, ready to leap upon and tear to pieces the first of the fighters who was thrown upon his side or back. Kazan was a stranger, but he did not fear those that hunted him in. The one great law of the pack would compel them to be fair.

He kept his eyes only on the big gray leader who had challenged him. Should he to shoulder: they continued to circle. Where a few moments before there had been the snapping of jaws and the rending of flesh there was now silence. Soft-footed and soft-throated mongrel dogs from the south would have snarled and growled, but Kazan and the wolf were still; their ears laid forward instead of back, their tails free and bushy.

Suddenly the wolf struck in with the softness of lightning, and his jaws came together with the sharpness of steel striking steel. They missed by an inch. Just at same instant Kazan darted in to the side, and his knives his teeth gashed the wolf's flank.

They circled again, their eyes growing redder, their lips drawn back until they seemed to have disappeared. And then Kazan leaped for that death-grip at the throat—and missed. It was only by an inch again, and the wolf came back, as he had done, and laid open Kazan's flank so that the blood ran down his leg and reddened the snow. The burn of that flank-wound smote Kazan, but his enemy was old in the game of fighting. He crouched low, his head straight out, and his throat close to the snow. It was a trick Kazan had learned in puppyhood—to shield his throat, and wait.

Twice the wolf circled about him, and Kazan pivoted slowly, his eyes half closed. A second time the wolf leaped and Kazan threw up his terrible jaws, sure of that fatal grip just in front of the forelegs. His teeth snapped on empty air. With the blindness of a cat the wolf had gone completely over his back.

The trick had failed, and with a rumble of the dog-snarl in his throat, Kazan reached the wolf in a single bound. They met breast to breast. Their fangs clashed and with the whole weight of his body, Kazan flung himself against the wolf's shoulders, cleared his jaws, and struck again for the throat hold. It was another miss—by a hair's breadth—and before he could recover, the wolf's teeth were buried in the back of his neck.

For the first time in his life Kazan felt the terror and the pain of the death-grip, and with a mighty effort he flung his head a little forward and snapped blindly. His powerful jaws closed on the wolf's foreleg, close to the body. There was a cracking of bone and a crunching of flesh, and the circle of waiting wolves grow tense and alert. One or the other of the fighters was sure to go down before the holds were broken, and they but waited the fatal fall as a signal to leap in to the death.

Only the thickness of hair and hide on the back of Kazan's neck, and the toughness of his muscles, saved him from that terrible fate of the vanquished. The wolf's teeth sank deep, but not deep enough to reach the vital spot, and suddenly Kazan put every ounce of strength in his limbs to the effort, and flung himself up bodily from under his antagonist. The grip on his neck relaxed, and with another rearing leap he tore himself free.

As swift as a whiplash he whirled on the broken-legged leader of the pack and with the full rush and weight of his shoulders struck him fairly in the side. More deadly than the throat-grip had Kazan sometimes found the lunge when delivered at the right moment. It was deadly now. The big gray wolf lost his feet, rolled upon his back for an instant, and the pack rushed in, eager to rend the last of life from the leader whose power had ceased to exist.

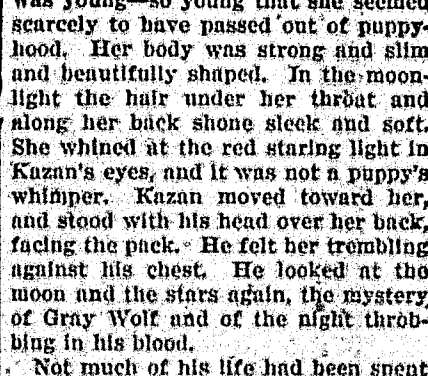
From out of that gray, snarling, bloody-lipped mass, Kazan drew back, panting and bleeding. He was weak. There was a curious sickness in his head. He wanted to lie down in the snow. But the old and infallible instinct warned him not to betray that weakness. From out of the pack a slim, lithe, gray she-wolf came up to him, and lay down in the snow before him, and then rose swiftly and snarled at his wounds.

She was young and strong and beautiful, but Kazan did not look at her. Where the fight had been he was looking at what little remained of the old leader. The pack had returned to the feast. He heard again the cracking of bones and the rending of flesh, and something told him that thereafter all the wilderness would hear and recognize his voice, and that when he sat back on his haunches and called to the moon and the stars, those swift-footed hunters of the big plain would respond to it. He closed twice about the caribou and the pack, and then trotted off to the edge of the black spruce forest.

When he reached the shadows he looked back. Gray Wolf was following him. She was only a few yards behind. And now she came up to him, a little timidly, and she, too, looked back to the dark blotch of life out on the lake. And as she stood there close beside him, Kazan sniffed at something in the air that was not the scent of blood, nor the perfume of the balsam and spruce. It was a thing that seemed to come to him from the clear stars, the cloudless moon, the strange and beautiful quiet of the night itself. And its presence seemed to be a part of Gray Wolf.

He looked at her, and he found Gray Wolf's eyes alert and questioning. She was young—so young that she seemed scarcely to have passed out of puppyhood. Her body was strong and slim and beautifully shaped. In the moonlight the hair under her throat and along her back shone sleek and soft. She whined at the red staring light in Kazan's eyes, and it was not a puppy's whimper. Kazan moved toward her, and stood with his head over her back, facing the pack. He felt her trembling against his chest. He looked at the moon and the stars again, the mystery of Gray Wolf and of the night throbbing in his blood.

Not much of his life had been spent



Swift as a Whiplash He Whirled.

at the posts. Most of it had been on the trail—in the traces—and the spirit of the mating season had only stirred him from afar. But it was very near now. Gray Wolf lifted her head. Her soft muzzle touched the wound on his neck, and in the gentleness of that touch, in the low sound in her throat, Kazan felt and heard again that wonderful something that had come with the caress of the woman's hand and the sound of her voice.

He turned, whining, his back bristling, his head high and defiant of the wilderness which he faced. Gray Wolf trotted close at his side as they entered into the gloom of the forest.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fight in the Snow.

They found shelter that night under thick balsam, and when they lay down on the soft carpet of needles which the snow had not covered, Gray Wolf snuggled her warm body close to Kazan and licked his wounds. The day broke with a velvet fall of snow, so white and thick that they could not see a dozen leaps ahead of them in the open. It was quite warm, and so still that the whole world seemed filled with only the flutter and whisper of the snowflakes. Through this day Kazan and Gray Wolf traveled side by side. Time and again he turned his head back to the ridge over which he had come, and Gray Wolf could not understand the strange note that trembled in his throat.

In the afternoon they returned to what was left of the caribou doe on the lake. In the edge of the forest Gray Wolf hung back. She did not yet know the meaning of poison-bait, deadfalls and traps, but the instinct of numberless generations was in her veins, and it told her there was danger in visiting a second time a thing that had grown cold in death.

Kazan had seen masters work about carcasses that the wolves had left. He had seen them conceal traps cleverly, and roll little capsules of strychnine in the fat of the entrails, and once he had put a foreleg in a trap, and had experienced its stinging and pain and deadly grip. But he did not have Gray Wolf's fear. He urged her to accompany him to the white hummocks on the ice, and at last she went with him and sank back restlessly on her haunches, while he dug out the bones and pieces of flesh that the snow had kept from freezing. But she would not eat, and at last Kazan went and sat on his haunches at her side, and with her looked at what he had dug out from under the snow. He sniffed the air. He could not smell danger, but Gray Wolf told him that it might be there.

(Continued Next Week)

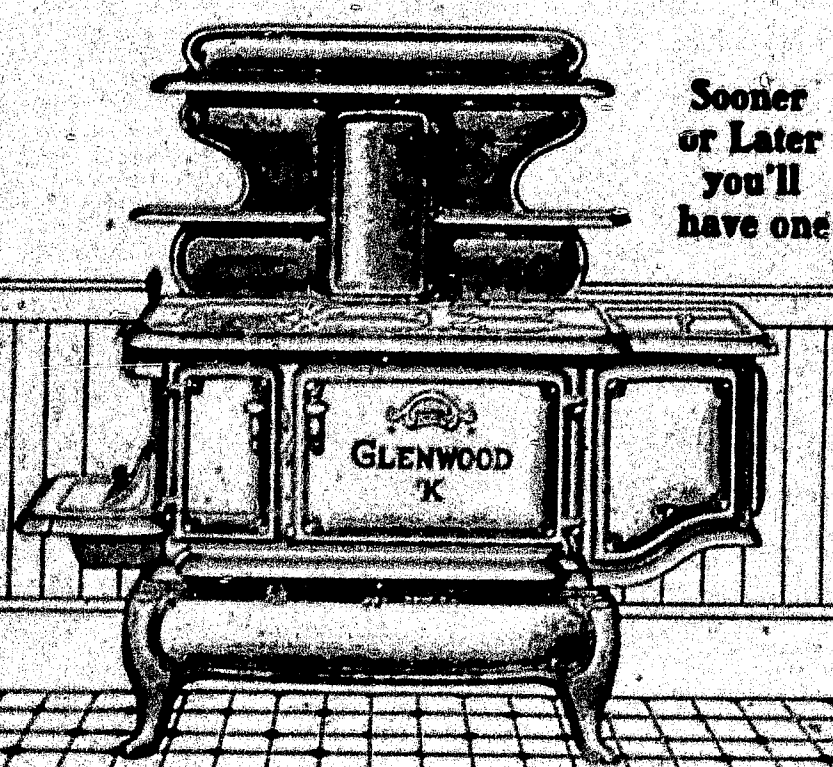
DOUBLING MONTH.

Jimmy—June is de month a lot of people double up, ain't it?

Peter—Sure thing! My father and mother an' little folks eat too many green apples.

Glenwood

"It certainly does
make cooking easy"



Sooner
or later
you'll
have one

Glenwoods are Brim Full of Good Things

The Glenwood Balanced Baking Damper is far ahead of any other—it is as positive as the turning of a railroad switch—open to start the fire, closed to bake—just this one damper for kindling or baking and best of all, it can't warp or stick.

The Revolving Coal Grate is easy to shake at all times, and simply fine for removing clinkers. It is triangular in shape, with three different sides for wear.

The Glenwood Shelf Under Oven Door is not stationary—it automatically raises and lowers as oven door is opened or closed. It is always level with oven bottom—a great convenience when baking meats or removing food.

Glenwood Iron is smooth and perfect—the easiest of any to clean—a real delight to the most exacting housekeeper. Get one and you'll be glad ever after.

I. L. Carver, Bethel

CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN FLORICULTURE

A course in Commercial Floriculture has been added to the list of correspondence courses conducted by the Extension Service of the University of Maine, College of Agriculture.

Although the college has always been ready to assist in solving individual problems in floriculture it has been thought wise to offer this complete course in commercial work so that a comprehensive detailed study of the subject might be available to the people of the state. In designing the course the commercial phases of the subject have been kept in mind so that the florist, whether he be only a beginner, or a successful large grower will be benefited.

In the last few years floriculture has advanced rapidly so that the man who turned out crops several years ago would not be producing crops up to the standard of the present. The florist cannot afford to grow ordinary crops but must make every effort to improve the quality and keep up with the times. This will mean extra study on the part of each man of improved cultural methods and general modern greenhouse practices. Furthermore, this branch of Agriculture is such an intensive form that it goes without saying that there is need for constant study in order to be better than the average.

The book to be used is "Principles of Floriculture" by E. A. White, published by MacMillan Company, New York City, price \$1.75. The only expense in taking the course is the price of the text book and the postage used on letters forwarded to the Extension Office. The book may be secured from the publishers, a local book store or the University Store Company, Orono, Maine.

Worms Make Children Fretful

Children suffering from worms are dull and irritable, puny and weak, often grind their teeth and cry out in sleep, being a constant source of worry to their parents. Kickapoo-Worm Killer is a mild laxative remedy in candy tablet form that children like to take. Promptly effective, it kills and removes the worms from the system. Irregular appetite and bowel movement, lack of interest in play, are sure signs of worms. Relieve your child of this burden. At all druggists, 25c. Adv.

GARDEN CULTIVATION.

Never Permit Soil to Become Baked or to Form a Crust.

The importance of thorough and continuous cultivation in the home vegetable garden is pointed out in a new Farmers' Bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture, No. 815, "The Small Vegetable Garden." After the seeds have sprouted or after the plants have been set in their permanent location, continued cultivation becomes necessary.

The gardener should never permit the surface of the soil to become baked or even to form an appreciable crust. Constant stirring with hand tools or a wheel cultivator should be practiced between the rows and about the plants. Such a stirring permits the air to penetrate the soil, where it facilitates chemical action and bacterial activity, destroys weeds which otherwise would utilize large amounts of plant food, and, finally, conserves the moisture supply. The rake is perhaps the gardener's most valuable tool in cultivating. This can be passed backward and forward over the ground until it is in an open, mellow condition. Where vegetables grow closely in the rows it often will be necessary to supplement the cultivation by hand weeding. Small implements are made for this purpose, and may be purchased cheaply. It is well also in some cases to pull up weeds by hand, especially where they grow closely about the stalks of the garden plants.

Mulching the Soil after Rain.
Just as the gardener should be careful in early spring not to dig the ground when the soil is too moist, so he should be careful later in the season not to cultivate too soon after rains. The stirring of muddy soil "peddles" it into a compact, cement-like mass in which the plant food is securely locked. The garden will require attention, however, as soon as the excess moisture from a rain has soaked in or partially evaporated. Unless the ground is stirred at this time a crust will form almost inevitably. Such a crust, besides restricting the plants, prevents the access of air, and also facilitates the loss of moisture through evaporation.

Irrigation.
When, during prolonged dry spells, the plants give evidence of suffering because of the lack of moisture, water must, if possible, be supplied artificially. Where a supply of piped water is at hand, perhaps the most usual method of irrigation is by sprinkling with

ACHIEVEMENTS

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J. E. JONES

Bond Building
Washington, D. C.

THE COUNTY TAX.

The following is the county tax assessed against the several towns and plantations of Oxford County for the year 1917:

Authorized by Leg-
islature, \$40,000.00.
Fractional overlay, 30.13

\$40,030.13

Albany,	\$ 317.61
Andover,	233.91
Bethel,	1,858.29
Brownfield,	530.42
Bucksfield,	875.15
Byron,	234.01
Canton,	537.41
Denmark,	748.33
Dixfield,	1,038.33
Freeburg,	1,005.94
Gilead,	299.28
Grafton,	292.52
Greenwood,	307.16
Hannover,	182.78
Hartford,	422.70
Hebron,	494.55
Hiram,	790.95
Lovell,	880.52
Mason,	181.22
Mexico,	1,339.07
Newry,	409.41
Norway,	2,642.32
Oxford,	881.03
Paris,	2,774.05
Peru,	541.37
Porter,	473.59
Roxbury,	288.40
Rumford,	8,843.33
Stoneham,	193.04
Stow,	201.65
Sumner,	590.95
Sweden,	235.72
Upton,	335.51
Watford,	635.20
Woodstock,	535.59
Milton Plantation,	126.69
Lincoln Plantation,	802.34
Magalloway Plantation,	626.39
	\$34,005.51
Towns and plantations,	\$34,005.51
Wild Lands (charged to State),	4,943.86
Public Lands (charged to State),	150.52
	\$40,030.13

GOVERNMENT VEGETABLE SEEDS.

A lot of vegetable seeds has been sent to the Citizen for distribution by Senator Bert M. Fernald. Each package contains one packet each of the following: Advancer Peas, Hanson lettuce, Early White Spine cucumber, Chantenay carrot, and Purple Top Striped Leaved turnip.

These packages will be delivered, directly or by mail, to responsible parties who will make good use of them and report results to the department. Apply at the Citizen's office. Only one package to a family. Children must have a written order from their parents.

hose. If sprinkling is practiced it should be done late in the afternoon. It is not sufficient merely to dampen the surface; a thorough wetting should be given. A more satisfactory and more economical method of irrigation, however, is to open small furrows between the rows of growing plants and to supply water in these ditches from a hose or pipe. Several hours after the water has soaked in, the dry earth should be drawn back into place.

NOTICE.
Our dental rooms
Thursday afternoon,
17th.

DR. F. B. TUCKER
DR. E. L. BROWN

2-17-21.

GARDENING PAI

Senator Bert M. Fernald is the latest Farmers' Bulletin, "The Small Garden," to be distributed to who may desire copies.

This bulletin gives how to prepare and care garden and is considered best publication ever department in connection subject.

These may be obtained the Citizen's office but mailed unless a stamp is postage.

DIXFIELD.

"Gentlemen's Night" was observed Tuesday evening, May 1, at Masonic Hall by the members of Manlius Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star. The degrees of the Order were conferred upon one candidate. At the business session of the Chapter voted to accept the invitation extended by the Manlius Chapter of Hallowell to meet with them and confer the degrees on Tuesday evening, May 8. At the close of the meeting a delicious banquet was served by the Manlius Chapter, and as usual in their quiet "Masonic" way was kept a secret, not any of the sisters knowing the surprise prepared for them, until they were seated at the tables. The banquet was served in courses as follows: clam bouillabaisse, salmon, steamed clams with drawn butter, hot coffee with the accompaniments of cream and sugar, delicious cake of various kinds, and delicious ice cream. The tables were most attractively arranged; the food delicious, and deftly served by the committee in charge who proved themselves equal to the occasion and were most deservedly complimented. At the close of the banquet a toast, and three cheers were given to the "Days" who have answered the President's call. An original poem, read by Mrs. Ada March, worthy Matron of Manlius Chapter, was given at this time, expressing the appreciation of the brethren's efforts, and their kindness and ability to serve on this occasion. Following this "A Toast to the Manlius Chapter" was given by Mrs. Charles Hickey, which was most heartily applauded. The banquet was most enjoyable at this time. Charles Hickey, J. H. March, J. A. Hixon, George Hixon and Charles Fiske. The toast given to the brethren was as follows:

Here a toast to the "Brethren" of our own Manlius Chapter,
You cannot find better anywhere else.

They always endeavor the others to please,
As best—supporting themselves of "brethren and others."

Now, brethren of Manlius Chapter, I thank you for the most enjoyable evening of the year.

As to the toast of the Manlius Chapter to the "Days" of the year, it was most enjoyable.

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WEST BETHEL.

Mr. W. A. Farwell and Miss Grace Farwell were in Gorham, N. H., to attend the funeral of Dr. B. L. Richard, son, who died Friday morning of pneumonia; also Mr. and Mrs. Seth Mason of Northwest Bethel.

Mrs. Dexter Mills spent the week end in Gorham, N. H., with her son, Harry Mills, and family.

Mrs. Cook from Portland spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Thurston.

T. B. Burke from Bethel was in this place, Tuesday, looking for calves and hogs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills from Portland Springs are having their annual vacation and are with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Myles.

Mrs. A. H. K. Grover from Norway visited Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Mills and attended Oxford Pommers last week.

Bert Young from Mason bought a horse of Mrs. Bennett, Tuesday.

C. Melnick, Archie Hutchins, Stephen Westleigh and Jack McKenize are working on the gravel train.

Liberal Kennerson is moving from Bethel village to Norman Hansen's farm on the Flat road.

Albert Briggs is stepping with his father, R. B. Briggs.

It seems to be a cold and backward spring as yet; heavy frosts most every night.

OROVER HILL.
Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baxton from Mill street, Bethel, called on friends here, Sunday.

Anna Kendall from Newry was the guest of George A. Mudgett and night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Tyler and family from East Bethel were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Tyler.

Dr. I. H. Wright of Bethel has had some wire fraying done around his Otter Hill pasture. M. F. Tyler and Trane Brown did the job.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucian McAllister and family from West Bethel visited yesterday here, Sunday.

H. A. Lyles of Ashburn and his brother, Charles and Mrs. F. of Bethel, were at the farm, Sunday.

Dagmar McAllister drove to Stoneham and returned Friday.

George A. Mudgett, who was at home on a short visit from Pinkerton, N. H., was at the Westworth Hotel, Portland, N. H., Friday, where he is to have employment for the season.

MASON.

J. A. McKenzie and J. M. Westleigh are at work on the gravel train at West Bethel.

Frank Foster of Albany is helping Myron Morrill repair his barn.

Moses Bennett and John Westleigh are hauling logs to Fletcher Bean's mill to be sawed.

Master Walter Grover had the misfortune to scald his foot quite badly last Friday morning.

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IN A MANNER THAT WILL PLEASE YOU.

Read Kazan

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FOR ITS

EXCELLENCE

IN THE

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INTEREST OF

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Coughs
Kill If You Let Them.
Coughs kill your health and your money. Dr. King's New Discovery is the only remedy that cures coughs, colds, and croup. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments. It is a sure cure for all these ailments.

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